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QUARTER CENTURY ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church

OF

PHILADELPHIA.

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WEST SPRUCE STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

OF PHILADELPHIA.

1856——1881

QUARTER CENTURY ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ORGANIZATION OF THE CHURCH

AND

PASTORATE OF REV. WM. P. BREED, D.D.,

THE FIRST AND ONLY PASTOR.

APRIL 3 and 4, 1881.

PHILADELPHIA:
SHERMAN & CO., PRINTERS.
1881.

INTRODUCTION.

In view of the approaching Quarter Century Anniversary of the organization of our church and its coincident pastorate, a special meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the residence of Gustavus S. Benson, Esq., to devise some measures for the appropriate celebration of these events. At this meeting all the Trustees were present, and, after a full interchange of opinion, it was resolved to call a congregational meeting of the church for further consideration of the matter, and final decision as to what action should be taken in the same.

This congregational meeting was large and enthusiastic, and resulted in the appointment of the following committees by the chairman, Gustavus S. Benson, Esq., to carry out the unanimous desire of the congregation that the coming Anniversary should be appropriately celebrated and a testimonial of affection presented to the Pastor.

GENERAL COMMITTEE:

R. DALE BENSON, Chairman.

FINANCE COMMITTEE:

Charles O. Abbey, Miss Ella McCord,
Mrs. Joseph Storm Patterson, W. Atlee Burpee,
Louis F. Benson.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF CHURCH:

Geo. B. Collier, James Laws, M.D.,
Robert Scott, Mrs. E. Smith Kelly,
Miss Mary Sherrerd.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

Henry D. Sherrerd, J. Ralston Grant,
Harold A. Freeman, Severo M. Prevost,
James Johnston.

MUSIC COMMITTEE:

JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN, MISS LOUISE W. JUNKIN,
CHARLES B. GRANT, JAMES AULL,
MISS SCOTT.

SPEAKERS' COMMITTEE:

EDWARD P. BORDEN, D. FLAVEL WOODS, M.D.,
JAMES SPEAR, J. HILBORNE WEST, M.D.,
CHARLES S. BOYD.

PRESS, ETC., COMMITTEE:

ROBERT STEWART DAVIS, *Chairman*, FRANK K. HIPPLE,
JOS. STORM PATTERSON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

R. DALE BENSON, *Chairman*, GEORGE B. COLLIER,
JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN, *Secretary*, HENRY D. SHERRERD,
CHAS. O. ABBEY, *Treasurer*, EDWARD P. BORDEN.

How well these several committees and those whose services they enlisted performed the work assigned them this pamphlet abundantly testifies, as well as the pleasant memories we all have of everything connected with the celebration. It was the universal opinion that all was so well done nothing could have been better done. The sermons, the addresses, the guests, the audiences, the music, the decorations, and the programmes—nothing more could have been desired to complete the happiness of the occasion.

For the services of Sunday our handsome church had assumed an aspect of holiday freshness and beauty, in appropriate taste to the joyful event which it commemorated. Bright in vesture of the greenest foliage, adorned with blooming plants and rare exotics, the auditorium looked like a Paradise in miniature—as indeed it was.

The pulpit, with its desk and gas standards draped in smilax, was beautifully outlined in living flowers. In the background

gracefully waved the pendant leaves of the rare Palm Areca Lutescens. On either side of the sacred desk were Sago, Date, and Leaf Palms, flanked by Camellia Japonicas of several varieties, Calla Lilies, Stock Jellies, Cinerarias, White Hydrangeas, and Pelargoniums; and to complete this picture of blooming loveliness, Azaleas of every hue, from clearest white to deep maroon, stood forth on the lower platform in clustering blossoms, rich and full, hiding the rostrum in an embankment of flowers. Nor was this all. Along the gallery fronts, from which waved two Presbyterian banners, laurel leaves, thickly linked, were hung in pretty festoons and wreaths, while here and there depended rustic baskets filled with Spirea Japonica, Anthericum, Palms, and miscellaneous plants.

Such were the lovely and artistic decorations for the services of Sunday. For the congregational celebration on the following evening additional flowers and plants were grouped about the pulpit, while above it was raised in blazing letters of light, with glittering star, the legend:

GREETING

OUR FIRST AND ONLY

1856 PASTOR. 1881

With this brief introduction we submit the following pages. In them will be found a complete account of all the proceedings of Sunday and Monday, April 3d and 4th—days forever memorable in the history of our happy and prosperous church.

The Editor.

MORNING SERVICES.

10.30 O'CLOCK.

Opening Anthem,

"LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES."

JOHN L. HOPKINS.

Historical Discourse,

BY THE PASTOR.

OUR ZION.

Isaiah 33 : 20.—"Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities."

The name Zion, in itself not unmusical, has, through association, acquired for the Christian ear an exquisite sweetness. There is in it a sunny radiance which well corresponds with its literal signification. It means the "Sunny Mount."

Zion was the highest of the hills encompassed by the walls of Jerusalem. The pinnacles of palace and tower upon its top caught the first rays of the sun as they came streaming over the crest of Olivet on the east, and clung to his last rays as he sank out of sight beyond the Pillars of Hercules in the west. For a long period Zion was the citadel of Jerusalem. After its capture from the Jebusites it became "The City of David." And because it was high, and because it was strong, and because it was sunny, its name came gradually to be applied to the Church of God. God himself thus applies it when he says: "Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion." This king is the Messiah, and the hill is the Church on which the Messiah sits as prophet, priest, and king.

And surely the Church is a mount, a sunny mount, illumined, the twenty-four hours round, with the smile of a reconciled God; its clefts "a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest;" the source of "rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But if the whole Church is a Zion, so is each particular church. There was a Zion at Antioch, a Zion at Thessalonica, a Zion in ancient Philadelphia, and, thanks to God, the pinnacles of many a Zion glimmer in this Philadelphia where we dwell, with one of which we are now assembled.

Our Zion is a city. It has its Mayor, the pastor; its Board of

Aldermen, its eldermen, the Ruling Elders; its laws, duties, and immunities.

It is a "City of Solemnities." Every true citizen within its walls has been under the hand of the Holy Ghost, and by him endowed with a new life—the life of God in the soul of man. Here the sinner has believed. Here the prodigal has said: "I will arise and go to my father." Here the sacramental oath has been taken, and here for nearly one hundred times the communion table has been spread, and hundreds have vowed themselves away forever to their God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Yes, this is a city, a "City of Solemnities," and we are here at this time to look upon it, marked as it is by the footfall and finger-touch of a quarter of a century of experience and service.

How like a dream when one awaketh is a quarter of a century! It seems but as yesterday when I first looked into the doors of this edifice—the floor covered with rubbish; the galleries nought but rough timbers projecting from the walls and supported by other upright timbers rough as they; the pulpit a huge unsightly mass of unplaned lumber; no stained windows; no soft, bright frescos on walls or ceiling.

In our Presbyterian pulpits in this city twenty-five years ago were Albert Barnes in the venerable First Church on Washington Square; Rev. Charles W. Shields in the Second Church; Dr. Thomas Brainard in the "Old Pine" Street Church; Dr. Lewis Cheeseman in the Fourth Church; Dr. Charles Wadsworth in the Arch Street Church; Dr. Joseph H. Jones in the Sixth Church; Dr. Alexander Macklin in the Scots Church; Dr. Henry Steele Clark in the Central Church; Dr. Henry S. Darling in the Clinton Street Church; Dr. Thomas J. Shepherd in the First Church, Northern Liberties; Dr. John McDowell in the Spring Garden Church; Dr. John Patton in the Logan Square Church; Dr. J. G. Butler in the West Walnut Street Church; the Rev. Robert Watts in the Westminster Church; Dr. E. P. Rodgers in the Seventh Church; Dr. John Jenkins in the Calvary Church; the Rev. William O. Johnstone in the Kensington Church; the Rev. William Blackwood in the Ninth Church; and last, but not least, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Boardman in the Tenth Church. Of these nineteen pastors only three remain in the pulpits they occupied twenty-five years ago, viz.: Dr. Blackwood, Dr. Shepherd, and Dr. Johnstone. Of the others, seven, absent from the body, are present

with the Lord. The rest are either laboring in other fields, or, honorably retired, still serve God by their steady adherence to the faith, their wise counsels, their godly example, and their prayers.

Let us now look upon our Zion.

First. *In its Parentage.*

It lacks but little of being half a century since the hour when the attention of passers by was attracted to the spot, now so sacred, at the corner of Walnut and Twelfth streets, by a company of people engaged in laying the corner-stone of a house of worship.

To quote from the *Quarter Century Discourse* of the Rev. Dr. Boardman:

"The merit of proposing the erection of a church on this spot is due to the late Furman Leaming. Mr. Leaming associated with himself five other gentlemen, viz.: Messrs. John Stillé, of the Second Church; George Ralston and James Kerr, of the First Church; and William Brown and Solomon Allen, of the Sixth Church. Through the liberality and energy of these six Christian men the work was accomplished. The corner-stone was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, by the late venerable Ashbel Green, D.D., on the 8th of August, 1828. On the 24th of May following, the first sermon was preached in the lecture-room by the Rev. Dirck C. Lansing, D.D. The building was completed on the 7th of December, 1829, and opened for worship on the ensuing Sabbath."

The first pastor of the Tenth Church was Dr. Thomas McAuley. Its second pastor was the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D., his pastorate extending from November 8th, 1833, through a period of over forty-seven years; a pastorate which,—for ability and true manly dignity in the incumbent, for fidelity to sound doctrine, for richness of pulpit instruction, for purity and felicity of literary style, for persuasive eloquence, and for reach of healthful influence,—left nothing to be desired, whether on the part of the church at large or of the congregation to which he directly ministered.

Second. *Look upon our Zion in its Origin and early Progress.*

The origin of our Zion, like that of our country, is one to which we can ever look back with gratitude unmingled with regret. Sometimes disruptive forces rending a congregation have angrily ejected a colony, but our Zion came forth as a flower from the bud

gently swelling and opening under the genial rays and rains of devout gratitude and holy, self-denying zeal. The birthplace of this church was undoubtedly the mind and heart of Dr. Boardman.

The records in the case read as follows:

"On the 20th January, 1852, a number of gentlemen connected with the Tenth Presbyterian Church met, by invitation of the pastor, the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D., at his house.

"The object of the meeting was to confer upon the duty of erecting an additional Presbyterian church in the city of Philadelphia. The Tenth Church itself was the result of a peaceful colonization in 1829. Originating in the benevolence, foresight and enterprise of only six persons, it had become a large and prosperous congregation, numbering more than five hundred communicants. For many years its pews had been filled, so that it had become difficult for strangers any longer to obtain sittings. It numbered nearly seven hundred scholars and teachers in its Sunday-schools; it was free from discord and from debt; it had been blessed for a much longer period than is granted to most churches with the ministrations of the same beloved pastor; and it was felt to be only a fitting expression of gratitude to the Author of all mercies that the congregation thus favored should, in its turn, build another church and send forth a colony to occupy it.

"For the purpose of carrying these views into effect a committee was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen, namely: James B. Ross, Singleton A. Mercer, Morris Patterson, James Murphy, Thomas Hoge, and James Imbrie, Jr.

"The committee soon came to the conclusion that the proper location for such an enterprise was in the southwestern part of the city, and in June, 1852, a suitable lot was secured on the corner of Seventeenth and Spruce streets. Several cities were visited for the purpose of inspecting church edifices, particularly those recently erected, and finally a plan for the building was adopted in accordance with a sketch furnished to the committee by John McArthur, Jr., Architect. In reference to the means for carrying the plan into effect, the committee, after numerous efforts in other congregations, found that if the new church was built at all, it must be mainly as a Tenth Church enterprise."

While from a variety of causes the wheels of the enterprise were dragging heavily along, an event occurred which threatened to be its "Benoni," the son of its sorrow, but which proved to be its

"Benjamin," the son of its right hand. The General Assembly, in the year 1853, appointed Dr. Boardman to a professorship in the Princeton Theological Seminary, made vacant by the death of Dr. Archibald Alexander, thus threatening the Tenth Church with the loss of its pastor.

One result of this alarm was a congregational meeting, at which it was

"*Resolved*, That under the promptings of the pastor, the congregation had entered upon a plan for forming a new church and congregation, that this plan was now nearly mature and about to be consummated by the erection of a suitable edifice, and that his removal would undo what had been already done and extinguish that important prospective church."

They added that his determination to remain with them would make them feel distinctly called upon, as a *memorial of God's goodness*, to engage with renewed zeal in the important work before them.

Dr. Boardman decided to remain, the enterprise received a fresh impetus, and on the 29th of March, 1854, a charter was obtained, in which the following gentlemen were named as a Board of Trustees, to act until May, 1856, viz.: Moses Johnson, Morris Patterson, Singleton A. Mercer, John R. Vogdes, James B. Ross, James Murphy, William Brown, William Goodrich, Theodore Cuyler, James Imbrie, Jr., Maurice A. Wurts, J. Engle Negus, John McArthur, Jr., John S. Hart, and Anthony J. Olmstead.

The 26th of April, 1855, saw a large company of people gathered upon a spacious open lot where this edifice now stands, singing, praying and listening to the story of the enterprise thus far, and engaged in the formal ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new building. That stone was laid by Dr. Boardman, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Jones, the Rev. Charles W. Shields, and several clergymen of other denominations. The box in the corner-stone contains a copy of the Holy Bible and of the Confession of Faith; a copy, also, of Dr. Boardman's works,—*The Bible in the Family*, *The Bible in the Counting-house*, and *The Great Question*; also, the Minutes of the General Assembly of the year 1854, the Report of the Sunday-school of the Tenth Church, the *Presbyterian Magazine*, the *Home and Foreign Record*, *The Presbyterian*, the *Christian Intelligencer*, and the secular papers of the day; coins of the

United States, and a manuscript copy of a narrative of the origin of the enterprise, prepared by Professor Hart.

As the lecture-room approached completion, it was thought advisable to open it for public worship without waiting six or nine months for the completion of the main edifice.

Accordingly application was made to the Presbytery of Philadelphia, at its meeting, April 2d, 1856, to organize the new church, and the Presbytery appointed a Committee for this purpose. The Session of the Tenth Church also granted, to such of their members as had asked for it, a letter of dismission to the West Spruce Street Church. On the evening of April 3d, 1856, the members thus dismissed met in the lecture-room of the Tenth Church, and were duly constituted a church, as will appear from the following minutes of their proceedings:

"PHILADELPHIA, April 3d, 1856.

"Minutes of a meeting held at the lecture-room of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, April 3d, 1856, in accordance with notice given from the pulpit for the purpose of organising the new church at the corner of Spruce and Seventeenth streets in the city of Philadelphia.

"The Rev. Dr. Boardman, presiding, announced that the Presbytery had appointed the following Committee to organize the church, viz.: Dr. Eagles, Rev. Mr. Shields, Paul T. Jones, James Dixon, and Dr. Boardman. All these gentlemen were present except Dr. Eagles, who was prevented from attending by indisposition.

"After religious services, Dr. Boardman stated that it was necessary to appoint a secretary; whereupon, on motion of Morris Patterson, Edward Miller was appointed secretary of this meeting.

"Dr. Boardman then stated that the mode prescribed by the constitution of the Presbyterian Church for organising a congregation was to choose ruling elders. He then read a minute of the Session of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of this date, approving of the proposed separation, and affectionately dismissing thirty-four members to the new church. The said minute, together with the names, are appended hereunto, and are to be considered as forming a part of this record. Other persons intending to join the new church whose names were not on the list just read were invited to give in their names and take part in the proceedings.

"On motion of Mr. Mercer, the meeting proceeded to elect three Ruling Elders and a Deacon.

"Messrs. Ross, Tilford, and Cash having been appointed tellers, took the ballots, and reported that James Imbrie, Jr., John S. Hart, and Morris Patterson had each received seventeen votes for Ruling Elders, and John McArthur, Jr., the same number of votes for Deacon, being the whole number of votes polled; whereupon these brethren were declared to have been unanimously elected, and were installed according to the constitution of the Presbyterian Church. The questions having been affirmatively answered by the elders elect and the congregation, the right hand of fellowship was given and the exhortation pronounced by Dr. Boardman.

"On motion of Mr. Mercer, the congregation proceeded to the election of a pastor. The same tellers having received the votes, reported that the Rev. William P. Breed had received twenty-eight votes, being the whole number polled. Mr. Breed was accordingly declared to have been unanimously chosen.

"On motion of Mr. Vogdes, the Ruling Elders elect and the president of the Board of Trustees were appointed a committee to prosecute the call for Mr. Breed.

"The meeting concluded with prayer by Dr. Coleman; hymn and benediction by Mr. Shields.

"EDWARD MILLER,

[Signed] "Secretary."

The following are the names of the thirty-four original members of this church:

Mr. Singleton A. Mercer,	Mr. William L. Mactier,
Mrs. Maria Mercer,	Mrs. Anna G. Mactier,
Mr. James Imbrie,	Mrs. Catharine T. Wendell,
Mrs. Caroline F. M. Imbrie,	Hilborne West, M.D.,
Mr. Morris Patterson,	Mrs. Susan E. West,
Mrs. Mary Patterson,	Mrs. Martha Bullock,
Mr. John S. Hart,	Miss Anna L. Bullock,
Mrs. Amelia C. Hart,	Mr. John Bayneton,
Mr. John R. Vogdes,	Mrs. Cornelia Bayneton,
Mrs. Susan B. Murphy,	Mr. Edward Miller,
Mr. John McArthur, Jr.,	Mrs. Jessie P. Miller,
Mrs. Matilda P. McArthur,	Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Lind,
Mr. Benjamin P. Hutchinson,	Miss Helen Chambers,

Mrs. Phœbe Ann Hutchinson,	Mr. Joseph P. Cooper,
Miss Mary M. Hutchinson,	Mrs. Mary Jane Cooper,
Mr. William Watt,	Mr. John A. Black,
Mrs. Maria Black,	Mrs. Emeline E. Heist.

On the 4th of April, 1856, the Presbytery of Philadelphia met, and Mr. Morris Patterson appeared as commissioner from the congregation of the West Spruce Street Church. The call for the pastor was presented, and the congregation obtained leave to prosecute the same before the Presbytery of Steubenville, Ohio.

In the meantime great was the perturbation of spirit in that beautiful amphitheatre on the western shore of the Ohio River, formed by the hills as they recede just far enough to allow the little city of Steubenville to pitch there its smoky tent. The centre of the perturbation was the parsonage of the Second Presbyterian Church, from which it overflowed into and through the congregation. For over eight years the pastor had occupied that field. It was his first charge.

While still at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, a letter was put into his hands from the Rev. Charles C. Beatty, D.D., to the venerable Dr. Archibald Alexander, asking that one of the students then about to be graduated be invited to visit Steubenville with a view to settlement over the Second Presbyterian Church of that place. It was, of course, entirely unexpected. And though deeply interested in foreign missions and member of a circle that met statedly to talk and pray over that great and glorious cause, and almost ready to offer himself to the Board for the foreign service, the dropping of this letter into his hands, as it were from the clouds, led to the decision at least to visit the church at Steubenville and take a look at that field.

The result was a residence there of upwards of eight years. Never was there a kinder people. Not a jar of discord was ever heard; except perhaps when the organ was introduced, at the first sound of which an excellent old lady of true Caledonian blue started up in her pew, as if a thunderbolt had fallen, listened a moment to assure herself that the abomination had actually invaded the sanctuary, and then walked with head erect down the aisle, never again to grace with her presence that desecrated spot.

After a year or so gracious clouds began to gather, and the good hand of God set before us that precious luxury, a young pastor's first revival. It was a heavenly shower, and from that time, at intervals, other like showers fell. During the eight years there we received to the communion in all 382 souls, 254 of them on confession of faith.

Of course then, the call to Philadelphia produced no small commotion in the hearts of people and pastor. And on the 18th of April, 1856, at a meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, Dr. Boardman laid before it the following letter from Dr. Beatty, of the Steubenville Presbytery, announcing the action of that Presbytery in the case:

"A call from the West Spruce Street Church, in the Presbytery of Philadelphia, was taken up and fully discussed, when, after mature deliberation, it was resolved that the West Spruce Street Church be requested to desist from prosecuting the call, and that Mr. Breed be earnestly advised by this Presbytery to remain in his present most important, interesting and encouraging field of labor." This resolution passed in Presbytery with only one dissenting voice.

Dr. Boardman now stated that the congregation, on learning of this action of the Presbytery of Steubenville had unanimously repeated the call, and the Presbytery at once authorized the congregation again to prosecute it before the Presbytery of Steubenville.

By the charter of the West Spruce Street Church the subscribers to the application for an Act of Incorporation were invested with the duty of calling the first pastor. And on the 12th of February, 1856, the Board of Trustees unanimously resolved that Mr. Breed, of Steubenville, be recommended to them as a suitable person for their choice. On the 14th of February, the corporators met in the lecture-room of the Tenth Church, and after a statement by Mr. Singleton A. Mercer, it was, on motion of William A. Porter, Esq., resolved to proceed to the election of a pastor. The candidate was unanimously chosen. This election was followed by a unanimous election and call by the people at the time of the organization of the church; and this, after the action of the Presbytery of Steubenville, by a unanimous repetition of the call. It is very evident, therefore, that the people were determined that, so far as their action was concerned, this should be a case of *effectual* calling.

As to the motives that allowed the sundering of ties so many, so tender, and so sacred, I have never had one question. The suspicion was perfectly natural that ambition or a desire for more ample pecuniary provision was at least among those motives. And it may be doubted whether we are always competent to tell what motives do actuate us. They are so subtle, and we are so blind, that we are often moved by motives other than those in conscious operation. But on this point, with reference to this action, I never had a doubt.

I always had rather a dread of than a desire for a luxurious pastorate. And as to ambition, a desire to occupy the pastorate of what is called "a leading church," I may say to you now, as we are communing together at the last quarter-century service we shall ever participate in, that when I arrived in this city and became fully aware of the precise nature of the enterprise, my emotions were not free from a tinge of disappointment. Knowing that this church was to be a colony from the Tenth Church, I naturally thought of a sort of Church Mission enterprise. And among the first questions I asked Dr. Boardman in my correspondence with him was, "Will the labors there be among the poor?" He simply answered, "The rich and the poor meet together." Having been brought up mostly in the city of New York, and having been for years a tract distributor there, going from house to house, into garrets and cellars, and up lanes and alleys, and having seen with my own eyes, for years together, the mass of neglected sin and misery that hovels itself in the hidden places of great cities, whenever, in my Steubenville work, the thought was suggested by letters from abroad or otherwise of a change of field of labor the reply to my own heart ever was, "No; if ever I leave this field voluntarily, it will be to go to some great city and labor among the poor." But when I reached Philadelphia and saw the field to which I had been drawn, I exclaimed: "Well, man proposes; God disposes. But here I am, and now to the work that lies before me." And I can here testify to my own conscience and to my God that while few pastoral fields include homes of wealth fuller of all that can delight a pastor's heart, your pastor has enjoyed no other portions of his service more than those which have taken him into the homes of the poorest of the flock, his only grief being that time and strength do not allow

much more of such service. And thank God, we have never in this church been without a goodly representation of those of whom Jesus sent word to the imprisoned John as the chief mark of his Messiahship: "The poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Recurring now to a record made at the time, I read: "April 7th, 1856. A most trying day. Presbytery dissolved the pastoral relation between me and the Second Church of Steubenville. Having been led along step by step, I seemed to see that I *must* go to the West Spruce Street Church in Philadelphia. But Presbytery having once refused, was still wavering, and I, having decided the matter in my own mind, let them know fully and plainly how I felt, and they acted at last with no great lack of unanimity. It is painful, but if it prove happy for this church and for that, I shall never recall the pain with any regret. May the good Spirit of God send his smile upon all concerned."

Accordingly, on May 26th, 1856, as the records of the Presbytery of Philadelphia show, "Mr. Breed appeared in Presbytery and produced a certificate of dismission from the Presbytery of Steubenville; he was then examined on experimental religion and his views on theology and church government, in which he was approved and was received as a member of this Presbytery."

Yes, though a pastor of eight years' service within the bounds of a Presbytery more Presbyterian than even the mother Presbytery of Philadelphia, the newcomer was passed through that examination preparatory to his enrolment as a member of the latter Presbytery. And we insist that it is the right and the duty of every Presbytery to satisfy itself by formal examination, no matter what papers one may bring from another Presbytery, that the newcomer is in harmony with them on the great principles of doctrine and church government. The principle that a certificate of one Presbytery is mandatory over another destroys Presbyterial equality and puts Presbytery in subjection to Presbytery even as to the doctrine that is to be preached within its bounds.

Right willingly, therefore, did your pastor submit to the questionings of the venerable Dr. McDowell upon the various points involved in such examination.

The lecture-room was opened for worship on Sabbath, May 18th, 1856. Mr. Breed preached in the morning and Dr. Boardman in the afternoon. On the same day two large Bible classes

were organized,—one for gentlemen, under the care of the Rev. Lyman Coleman, D.D., and the other for ladies, under the charge of Mr. Hart.

A Sabbath-school was organized in June, 1856, and placed, by a vote of the session, under the superintendence of Mr. Hart.

At a meeting of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, held on Wednesday evening, June 4th, at the Tenth Church, the installation of the pastor elect took place, Rev. G. W. Musgrave, D.D., the moderator, presiding, and putting the constitutional questions, Dr. Coleman giving the charge to the pastor and Dr. Boardman to the people.

During this same month the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in the lecture-room, twelve persons being admitted to membership, four of them on profession of faith.

On the first Sabbath of 1857 this house was dedicated to the worship of the Triune God. On that day the Tenth Church was closed, that the congregation might participate with us in the solemn services of the occasion. The pastor preached morning and evening, and the Rev. John M. Krebs, D.D., of New York, Mr. Breed's former pastor, in the afternoon. Dr. Boardman, to the great regret of all, was detained at home by sickness.

Such was the origin of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, and such the auspices under which it set out upon its career. It was born of the spirit of thanksgiving and self-sacrifice. Those who left the old home did so through a severance of ties which bound them to persons and scenes which were very dear to them, and they took upon them burdens not easily but very cheerfully borne.

Of the original thirty-four members but fourteen were men, and of this fourteen a very small portion bore the heavier end of the pecuniary load.

And what sort of an offering it was that that handful of men designed for their God and his cause you may see by looking about you. "Walk about this Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, and mark her bulwarks!" Visit that lecture-room, and say if you have elsewhere seen its superior for beauty and thorough attractiveness as a place of social worship. Ascend the stairs and look in upon that Sabbath-school room, and

you will acknowledge that greater completeness in furniture, cheerfulness and beauty were superfluous. Look at these graceful arches, that spring from column to column; at that richly frescoed ceiling, and these sumptuously furnished pews; listen to the notes that come in such fulness of melodious flow from yonder organ; send your eyes upward along the lines of that lofty spire, that now, for twenty-five years, has pointed like a great finger, up to our final home, and you will see that those who gave this church to God were full of the spirit of David, when he said to Araunah, the Jebusite, "I will not offer to the Lord my God of that which costs me nothing." Nor did it cost them nothing. One,* whose form we see no more among us, gave tens of thousands of dollars to the enterprise. And among the good providences of God to us has been his guiding into our spiritual household others from other churches and congregations, to whose zeal, talents, and liberality we have been indebted for the liquidation of claims upon the church to the amount of many thousands of dollars, as well as large and generous aid in keeping the edifice in repair and adding richly to its attractiveness. It requires some self-denial to refrain from naming one, who, coming among us subsequently to the period of our organization, has repeatedly laid the whole congregation under obligation to his spirit of enterprise and his unstinted liberality.†

Office-bearers.—From the organization of our church to the year 1857, John McArthur, Jr., was our only deacon. On November 18th of that year George Junkin and William L. Mactier were elected deacons, and ordained and installed on the 9th of December.

Our ruling elders up to December, 1860, were James Imbrie, Jr., John S. Hart, and Morris Patterson. On Wednesday evening, December 12th, Daniel L. Collier, George Junkin, and Henry D. Sherrerd were elected ruling elders, and Charles O. Abbey was chosen deacon, and they were ordained and installed in office on Sabbath afternoon, January 27th, 1861.

In our sessional records of March 16th, 1855, the name of Mr. Imbrie appears for the last time, he having removed from the city; and toward the close of 1862, Mr. Hart also removed; and on the 30th of March, 1869, Mr. Collier left his place at our communion table to take his seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

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* Mr. Morris Patterson. † Mr. Gustavus S. Benson.

At a meeting of the congregation, held September 28th, 1870, Gustavus S. Benson, John D. McCord, and Lucius Barrows were elected ruling elders, and on Sabbath afternoon, October 2d, they were ordained and installed in office.

On Wednesday evening, March 18th, 1874, at a meeting of the congregation in the lecture-room, Charles H. Grant, Albert G. Heyl, and Frank K. Hipple were elected deacons, and on Sabbath morning, March 29th, they were duly ordained and installed.

Third. *Look upon our Zion in its organization.*

The title of our church is "The West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church." And from the first it has been *Presbyterian* in doctrine, in organization, in government, and in worship.

Doctrine.—Presbyterianism insists upon clear, positive, definite, doctrinal statements. It maintains that the Holy Scriptures are the very word of God; that they teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man; that common sense, guided by the spirit of God, is competent to find out what those truths are which man is to believe, and what those duties are which man is to discharge, and that of these the prominent and dominant may be grouped together into formulas, and set before the world as its view of the mind and will of God upon these points.

It has no sympathy with the vague indefiniteness that professes to believe the whole Bible without professing faith in any given doctrine of the Bible, and none with that no-system that, rejecting and decrying all creeds, exacts of the Christian world an adherence to its creed that man should have no creed.

Presbyterianism insists upon a creed. It does not demand of others an acceptance of that creed, but it claims the right to have a creed; and it has little patience with the disingenuousness that retains the Presbyterian name and place in a Presbyterian pulpit while disregarding, innovating, or even decrying its doctrine, government, or worship.

It finds in the word of God certain doctrines, and among these that of the sovereignty of God, of whom, to whom, and through whom are all things; and it holds that it is enough for one universe if God be glorified. It finds there the doctrine of man's free-

dom. The world's a stage, and human beings are the players; but God wrote the play, and he determines the entrances and exits of the actors, and he overrules all their free actions to his own glory. It finds in the Holy Scriptures a Triune God, a vicarious atonement, and the final condition of men set forth in the words of Jesus: "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

And may this house of worship sink in ashes ere the people worshipping here either cease to have a creed, or give acceptance to a creed that is not in accordance with the word of God!

Government.—We are persuaded, from no little observation and experience, that very many of the disorders that here and there afflict congregations are due to the want of thorough-going Presbyterianism in their government.

When, on the one hand, the pastor, by neglect of the ruling elders, takes into his own hand the government of the church, and thus induces upon our system a kind of semi-prelacy, or when, on the other hand, the Session, by frequent appeals to the people, refer to them the settlement of questions which it ought to decide, it will not be surprising that troubles arise.

A Presbyterian church is a Representative Republic. In this republic the authority, which, under God, vests in the people, is, by his ordination, to be exercised by certain officers elected by them.

By our constitution the Session, composed of the pastor and the Ruling Elders, is charged with the spiritual oversight and control of the church.

Accordingly, in this church, not only the ordinary routine of church affairs, as the admission of members and the like, but the music and the Sabbath-school have been kept under strict sessional supervision and control.

The superintendent of the Sabbath-school is appointed by the Session. When he withdraws from office he offers his resignation to the Session, and while in office he is held responsible to the Session for whatever is done and taught in the school.

By this means the excitement, the partisanship, and sometimes the sad divisions which we have known to attend the nominations and canvassing of frequent elections in the Sabbath-school are avoided. For twenty-five years there has been scarce a ripple of

unpleasant excitement in our Sabbath-school. And thus we assert and keep in view the great principle that the Sabbath-school, instead of being a voluntary association, co-ordinate with the church, is an integral portion of the church, a living arm of the church, to be used by the church in leading its lambs through the green pastures and by the still waters of life.

Worship.—In this also our church has maintained its Presbyterian character. Two systems of worship are ever struggling for the mastery: the one direct and intellectual, the other indirect and symbolical; the one a worship through the senses, the eye, and the ear, the other a worship through the mind and heart. The one seeks to excite devout emotion by means of the imagination, the other by means of truths clearly apprehended by the intellect.

Even under the old preparatory dispensation no authority but God's was competent to institute a rite, appoint a ceremony, or ordain a symbol. And, for observance under the New, God has appointed but two services of a symbolical nature; these are Baptism and the Lord's Supper. To these Presbyterianism carefully adheres, rejecting all others as intrusions, human and unauthorized.

The record respecting Christian worship in the times of Jesus and the apostles shows it to have been almost exclusively, and more and more exclusively, not a temple worship but a synagogue worship. This worship consisted in reading and expounding the holy Scriptures, and in singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

And precisely such is the worship of a Presbyterian church.

Accordingly we have steadily avoided the tendency that in some cases has resulted in a sort of combination of the religious opera and the horticultural exhibition. And we trust that the day is yet a good way off when our people will be found decking their worship with any of the ribbons of a fantastic ritualism, or straying into the flower-fringed path that so often terminates at Rome.

Nor have we yielded up our singing gallery to the musical *artiste*, according to whose creed the chief end of a church is the organ loft, and the chief end of the performers there is to display their accomplishments, sing their own praises, and gratify a cultivated musical taste, and the effect of which is to fritter away the attention, thought and emotion due to the stupendous themes of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come.

Our aim has been to make our music a part of our devotion. Our choir is, and has been, composed almost exclusively of members of our church, who contribute their time and voices as a free gift to God. And while we do not aim at artistic perfection, we are persuaded that few devout minds will fail to find comfort and spiritual satisfaction in the music that reaches the ear from our singing gallery.

The Deacons.—We have already noticed the election of a deacon at the same time that elders were chosen. And if we read our standards aright, a Presbyterian church is imperfectly organized until deacons are found among its officers. According to our "form of government," "the ordinary and *perpetual* officers of the church are bishops or pastors, the representatives of the people usually styled ruling elders and *deacons*."

It is one of the most significant and touching facts of the New Testament history, as recorded in the sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, that the *first* officers ordained after the apostles were deacons, whose one great duty it was to take care of the poor. Jesus was poor; he had not where to lay his head. He cared for the poor. Accordingly, his spirit richly pervading the early church, before mention is made of the election and ordination of elders, we have a detailed account of the institution of the office of the deacon.

And while, as the centuries rolled on, every other office of the church was modified and distorted almost beyond recognition, the office of deacon retained unchanged its original form, signification, and function, and there was even a superstitious clinging to its original number, seven.

Fabianus, Bishop of Rome, in the year 236, appointed seven deacons to take oversight of the poor in the fourteen wards into which the city was divided.

And it is a law of the Presbyterian Church that no one of its members be allowed to suffer for want of the necessaries of life, and that they shall not be thrown upon the charities of others.

For the sake then of organic symmetry, of conformity to the pattern showed in the mount, and of the beautiful significance of the office, we would that every Presbyterian church connected with our General Assembly could show among its officers a band of deacons.

Fourth. *Look upon our Zion in the external circumstances that attended its outsetting.*

Two public events, freighted with weighty results, and by no means leaving us untouched, followed closely upon the launching of our Sacred Bark.

One of these was the terrible financial revulsion of 1857. The failure in the month of August, 1856, of the Ohio Life and Trust Company, the chief office of which was in the city of New York, coming as it did like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, was the first explosion of a series, whose echoes at length reverberated through the land till scarce a financial institution, manufacturing establishment, or railway company but had its flag at half-mast, and multitudes of families turned pale with sudden penury. The decline in the values of stocks was sudden and ruinous. On the 13th of October a wild panic swept the country. Wall Street was choked with panic-stricken crowds endeavoring to force their way to banks and banking-houses, which were compelled to close their doors and announce suspension of specie payments. Their example was followed throughout the country. Trade was almost annihilated. Whole tribes of working-people were suddenly cut off from all means of winning bread for themselves, their wives, and their little ones. The distress was almost like that of Egypt when the wail went up, "There is not a house in which there is not one dead."

Philadelphia had her full share of suffering, and some of those on whom our Zion relied for the means to meet its heavy pecuniary liabilities were stripped of their pecuniary all, thus adding heavily to the burdens of the already heavily burdened few. This wild gale met our bark as she went out of port, straining her timbers, tearing her sails, but her flag brave hands had nailed to the mast!

The other event, in some respects the echo and antidote of this, was the Great Religious Awakening of 1857 and 1858. As has been already said, the first intimation of the coming tempest was the great failure in August, 1856. By the middle of September the disturbance had reached the point of distress, with the sky full of black, angry clouds. On the 23d of September the Fulton Street Union Prayer-meeting was opened in New York, and so rapidly did interest in such services develop, that Dr. S. Irenæus Prime assures us that at an early period as many as one hundred

and fifty such prayer-meetings were held daily in New York and Brooklyn.

On the 3d of February, 1858, the first Union meeting was held in this city, in an anteroom in Jayne's Hall. For some days only twenty, forty, or sixty persons attended. Suddenly the number went up to three hundred, and it was resolved, not without trepidation, to hold the next meeting in the large hall. The hall, with seats for twenty-five hundred people, was filled. The next day the curtain was drawn away from the stage and it and the galleries were filled. The next day the partition between the smaller and larger rooms was taken down and the hall from street to street thrown open. "The meeting," wrote a clergyman, "was unparalleled in the history of any city, in any age, wave after wave pouring in from the closet, from the family, from the church, until the great tidal or tenth wave rolled its mighty surge upon us, swallowing up for the time all separate sects, creeds, denominations, in the one great, glorious, only Church of the Holy Ghost!"

The wave spread from one end of the republic to the other. In the State of New York two hundred towns reported six thousand conversions. In Chicago more than two thousand people were at the various noonday prayer-meetings. The whole harvest of souls garnered for the Lord must have numbered nearly or quite four hundred thousand!

It was under the gathering clouds of this terrible financial distress on the one hand, and amid the answering glory and joy of this unprecedented religious awakening on the other, that our spiritual bark set forth on its voyage twenty-five years ago.

Fifth. *Look now upon our Zion in its services and agencies.*

Besides our Sabbath services we have had a *Wednesday evening Lecture* and a *Friday evening Prayer-meeting*, the pastor conducting the exercises in both. The suggestion has at times been made to combine these two meetings into one, and hold only a midweekly service. But the affections of the people have clung too warmly around the social prayer-meeting to allow of its discontinuance.

Our communion service is observed once in three months, on Sabbath morning, after a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Just before the administration of the sacrament, those who come

to it for the first time rise as their names are called and stand in the pews assigned them near the pulpit, while the pastor reminds them of the obligations involved in their application for and admission, by a vote of the Session, to a place at that table; gives them a word of welcome and admonition, and also reminds the people already at the table of their duty to these newcomers among them.

This service is brief and solemn, and not unfrequently fraught with spiritual benefit to all.

The *Monthly Concert* is observed on the first Wednesday evening of every month. At this meeting standing committees report upon different missionary fields, and these reports have often been exceedingly interesting and instructive.

The Sabbath-school.—Every Christian church is a band not only of worshippers, but of workers also. And of the many fields that lie before the members of the congregation few are more inviting than the Sabbath-school. In our day it concentrates upon it much of the richest talent and ripest thought in the Christian world, and as often as the Sabbath Sun drives his golden chariot across the heavens, he looks down in our land upon some seven millions of Sabbath-school scholars grouped around some seven hundred thousand Sabbath-school teachers.

In June of the year 1856, our Sabbath-school was organized with thirty-four members, and placed under the superintendence of Professor Hart. This office he continued to fill until September 21st, 1860, when, constrained by labors increasing beyond his strength, he offered his resignation to the Session. His resignation was accepted, and Mr. George Junkin was appointed in his place.

On November 21st, 1866, Mr. Junkin resigned, to take charge of the young ladies' Bible class, which service he has since continued to render, and Mr. Henry D. Sherrerd was appointed superintendent. November 10th, 1875, Mr. Sherrerd offered his resignation, and Mr. Frank K. Hipple was appointed in his place.

During the quarter of a century there have been in our school four superintendents, one assistant superintendent, 267 teachers, and 2148 scholars. Of the teachers twenty-seven have come from the classes. Of the 61 scholars in the school at the close of August, 1856, one* is now a teacher, and one other,† who entered the school two or three sessions after.

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* J. Howard Breed. † Gustavus S. Benson, Jr.

The school has never been in a more flourishing condition than it is at the present time. It embraces 46 teachers and officers, 318 scholars—364 in all.

The collections in the school for twenty-five years have amounted to more than $7000. This money has been appropriated partly to the support of a child in a mission school in India, partly to assist in the support of Mrs. Nevius, in China; partly to aid a student for the ministry in our own church, and partly to other benevolent purposes.

The number of additions to our church from the Sabbath-school since the year 1875, before which we have found no statistics on the subject, has been seventy-three; besides which a considerable number have united with other churches, with which their parents were connected.

Many of the Sabbath-school classes are organized into "Bands," under various names, some of them working for some poor family in the church, others collecting money for various benevolent causes, thus at a very tender age learning how much more blessed it is to give than to receive.

The fact deserves special mention, that the infant class in our Sabbath-school has enjoyed for twenty-five years the services of the same faithful, efficient, and beloved teacher, Mr. Charles O. Abbey.

During that period some 900 pupils have been under instruction in this class. For fifteen years the class met in a room high up in one of the towers of the church. But in the year 1871, the zeal and liberality of a number of the members of the church built for this class a beautiful and commodious room adjoining that in which the Sabbath-school assembles, and another room which the Young Ladies' Bible Class now occupies.

The one great want yet remaining to make our Sabbath-school complete in its appointments is a room on the same floor with the rest of the school for the Young Men's Bible Class. Such a room would be a very appropriate "Ebenezer," with which to mark our entrance upon the second quarter-century of church-life.

An efficient Sabbath-school association, of which the superintendent of the Sabbath-school is president, holds stated meetings to discuss the interests of the Sabbath-school, and urge forward measures for the increase of its efficiency and usefulness.

It has established a Sabbath-school Museum for the collection of objects from Syria and Palestine which may illustrate the word of God, and also from the great missionary field, to awaken and foster the interest of our young people in the conversion of the world to the blessed Saviour.

The Dorcas and Missionary Society.—Within a few years the church at large has come to the consciousness of a force long resident within her, the energy of which was unsuspected, even the existence of which was almost unknown. This is the brain-force, heart-force, and sanctified will-force of her devout womanhood. The disclosure and practical employment of this force has formed almost an era in the beneficent work of the church, and promises a harvest of results, the richness and magnitude of which our arithmetic cannot compute.

One of the first forms in which it embodied itself and entered the field of action was that of the Dorcas and Missionary Society.

The object that called it into play was one peculiarly adapted to evoke the sympathies and arouse the energy of woman. This was the family of the home missionary, in its toils and self-denial, and not unfrequently its cruel hardships. To relieve those hardships, and to cheer the missionary household, women have assembled week by week in bands scattered through the church, to prepare clothing and other articles of comfort, and send them to the needy, with their prayers and benedictions. Work more kindly and Christly could not be. And in blessing others they have themselves been blessed. Co-operation in such societies cultivates social intercourse and kindly feeling among members of the same church, and thus leads to a most happy and healthy development of the true spirit of our holy religion.

In this church the Dorcas and Missionary Society was organized November 13th, 1857. The records of the society in its earlier years are not sufficiently full to enable us to present complete and accurate statistics of work and contributions. But during the quarter of a century this society has sent to the toilers in the home mission field sixty-nine boxes filled with clothing, and a great variety of other things conducive to the comfort of a missionary family. Some of these boxes have contained goods to the value of $600, and the value of all the gifts of this society thus far cannot be less, is probably considerably more, than $17,000.

In addition to this, thousands of garments have been given to children in the Sabbath-school, and for several years contributions of money and clothing have been sent to the Presbyterian Hospital.

The Woman's Missionary Society.—While the domestic missionary has been remembered, the *foreign missionary* has not been forgotten.

The West Spruce Street Auxiliary to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church was organized December 12th, 1870.

The object of this society is to aid the Board of Foreign Missions in spreading the gospel among the women and children in heathen lands. The society selected for its missionary Mrs. John L. Nevius, of Chefoo, China, pledging her a salary of $350 a year. This it has always been able to raise. Any surplus above this sum has been sent to Mrs. Nevius for her special work in schools.

The aggregate collections of this society since its organization have amounted in all to $4634.03. This includes $420 contributed in twelve years by the "Infant-school Band" and $20 by the "Perseverance Band."

The Sewing-school.—In addition to our work among the children on the Sabbath day, a sewing-school was organized in 1871. It meets during the winter on Saturday mornings in the Sabbath-school room.

The main object of the school is to instruct the pupils in needlework, and thus fit them for usefulness in homes where the struggle for bread leaves the mother too little time for work upon the garments of the household.

The school is opened with prayer, and attention is given at every session to the singing of gospel hymns and to the memorizing of passages from the word of God. Thus we have here another of the many happy devices of our day for serving the Master and beguiling souls to him.

The Young People's Prayer-meeting.—This is another means of grace which deserves special mention. It is held through most of the year in the evening, one half-hour before the hour of church service. It affords an excellent opportunity for the cultivation among our young men of the gifts and graces of speaking for Christ, and of leading others in prayer, and thus growing into fitness for more public work in the cause of the Master.

And not unfrequently has the heart of the pastor been cheered, just before the opening of service on a Sabbath, by a message from that cluster of praying ones:

"We have had an excellent meeting, the number in attendance large, and the spirit of God powerfully with us."

Happy is the church that has in its bosom any considerable number of zealous, consistent, praying young men!

The Young Men's Association.—This association numbers over thirty members. It aims to secure the co-operation of all the young men in the church and assign them to committees for such branches of church work as may suit their several tastes and abilities. Among these committees are the Committee on the Young People's Prayer-meeting, the Committee of Ushers, etc. The result has been the securement of at least twenty young men to lead in the prayer-meetings who did not before engage in this service, a large increase of interest in the young people's prayer-meeting, and also of that kindly social feeling so favorable to the best interests of a church.

The City Missionary.—One more agency remains to be mentioned. The one great duty of the Church of Christ is expressed in the command of Jesus, uttered on the eve of his ascension: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to *every creature.*"

Facts, numerous and startling, testify that fulfilment of this command is by no means reached in the sending of missionaries into distant fields, at home and abroad, and in the erection of church edifices and organization of churches, and in clustering about them the agencies above enumerated and described. For, when all is done that can be done through these agencies, hundreds of thousands remain unreached. Nor is there any prospect that the gospel will be preached to *every creature* except through some agency that goes from door to door, from household to household, from person to person.

To multitudes of these neglecters of religion the minister of the gospel has no access; and, were access easy and free, he neither possesses the strength nor could he spare the time for the task. This work, if done at all, must be done by persons fitted for and entirely given to it.

Such is the work done in our cities by the city missionary. His heart full of love for souls and zeal for the Master's glory, the

Bible in one hand and the religious book or tract in the other, self-denying in spirit, resolute of will, persistent in season, out of season, he goes from door to door to preach the truth, invites to Jesus, and kneels in prayer for the blessing of God upon the household.

For a little upwards of eight years Mr. John Potter was employed by this church in this kind of evangelistic labor.

From records kept by him we learn that during that period he made 25,920 visits, preaching the gospel from house to house. More than 24,000 prayers were offered with the members of these families. In each an appropriate tract or book was left. Bibles and testaments were furnished to those who were without them. Large numbers of the sick were visited and many funerals attended. Cottage prayer-meetings were also held.

Some 400 persons were hopefully converted, who united with different evangelical churches. Many households were induced to set up family worship. About 250 scholars were led to attend one or another of different Sabbath-schools. A considerable number of men were reclaimed from drunkenness.

In the meetings held by Mr. Moody, our missionary conversed in the inquiry room with 120 persons. Often he followed the inquirers to their homes and there conversed and prayed with them.

At the request of the laborers in the Gas Works, at Twenty-third and Market streets, for ten weeks, every day at noon, he met with and conducted worship among them.

The value of the service thus rendered to the cause of our blessed Jesus we have no means of computing. For ourselves we regard it as one of the most valuable agencies employed by our church.

Mr. Potter continued to labor in this field till the year of his death. During one of his visits in July, 1878, he fell to the floor, and for a considerable time lay insensible. The month of August found him at the house of his son in Darlington, Beaver County, Pa., where, on the 28th of the month, he breathed his last, full of years and ripe for heaven.

Sixth. *Look upon our Zion as a Giver.*

God, as Creator, is absolute proprietor of all things. And with

articulate voice does he challenge his right of proprietorship. "All the earth is mine," saith the Lord. "All souls are mine! The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." And one of the effects of religion on the heart is to work a recognition of this proprietorship of God and induce men to give back at least a part to him of what is his own.

During the past twenty-five years the congregation worshipping in this place has paid into the treasury of the Lord as follows:

Home missions,	$46,785
Foreign missions,	24,222
Education,	21,476
Publication,	11,336
Church erection,	22,047
Freedmen,	8,885
Ministerial relief,	1,749
Sustentation,	1,132
Presbyterial,	3,823
Congregational,	226,845
Miscellaneous,	58,215
Total,	$426,515

To this is to be added the princely legacy of Mr. Morris Patterson of $30,000 to build, at the discretion of our trustees as to time and place, a memorial church in memory of a beloved and only daughter, Mary Patterson.

The original cost of this edifice was about $88,000, and with subsequent additions and improvements has demanded an outlay of over $100,000. All pecuniary claims upon the church have been met, and it rejoices in an entire freedom from debt.

Now, while on the one hand I have no right to say of any one, "You have given as much as you might have given and ought to give," on the other, knowing what I do of the trials and struggles of men under the financial embarrassments of the times, and of the process of incessant giving on the part of so many, I promise you that my voice will never be heard in stigmatizing God's people as close-handed and penurious.

Seventh. *Look upon our Zion in its Harvestings.*

While the history of our church thus far has been marked by

none of those mighty spiritual movements that remind us of the day of Pentecost, yet these years have not passed without seasons of intense spiritual interest.

The following narrative from the records of our Session tells a story, many points in which some of you will quickly recognize:

"At our communion, December, 1869, but one person appeared upon profession of faith to acknowledge our Lord at the feast. That service had been preceded by a prayer-meeting in the session-room. It was very solemn, and there, as we afterwards found, impressions were made which ripened into hopeful conversions. That very day Mr. H. D. Sherrerd, one of our most faithful and efficient elders, was taken sick, and for a long time lay in a very critical condition. Previously one of our elders and one of our deacons had each lost a beloved child, and now cases of sickness came thick and fast. Another of our elders lost a darling child, an only daughter, who, however, before being taken sick, expressed faith and hope in the Lamb of God. The people began to feel that the Lord was sorely chastising them, and prayer was multiplied for relief and spiritual blessing. Under these solemn circumstances we appointed a series of meetings for each evening of the week, beginning February 21st. The Rev. J. L. Withrow preached the first sermon on 'Christ Seeking the Lost Sheep.' The Rev. Dr. Wiswell, the second, 'When He Saw Him Afar Off.' The Rev. Dr. Alexander Reed, the third, on 'One Thing Thou Lackest.' The Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, the fourth, on the evening of the day of prayer for colleges, on 'The Spirit and the Bride say Come.' The Rev. R. M. Patterson, the fifth, on 'He Made Haste and Came Down.' These sermons were followed by others. One, on the evening of the 28th, by Rev. J. W. Dale, D.D., of Media, on 'Remember Me when Thou Comest into Thy Kingdom.'

"March 1st, we held a prayer-meeting profoundly solemn, at the close of which we kneeled and prayed in silence, during which sobs were heard in many parts of the house.

"March 2d, a sermon was preached by Dr. Willits. On the 7th, Dr. George D. Boardman preached on 'Jacob at Bethel.' Friday, 11th, was spent in fasting and prayer. A meeting was held in the morning at 11 o'clock, and another in the evening at 7.30.

"March 14th, Dr. J. Wheaton Smith preached on 'Almost Thou Persuadest me to be a Christian.' March 15th, a sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. J. B. Dales on 'Salvation is from the Lord.' On the 16th, the Rev. A. D. L. Jewett, of New Brunswick, preached on 'Lovest thou Me?' and on the 18th, the Rev. W. E. Schenck, on 'How long halt ye?'

"These services were attended by large and deeply solemnized audiences. Each service was preceded by a prayer-meeting of half an hour for a blessing on the preacher and the congregation. Our Christian people were deeply moved, and, in frequent instances, visited their unconverted friends and neighbors, and conversed with them about their souls' salvation. Earnest and frequent prayers went up for the unsaved.

"The pastor received several notes from church members pledging a more faithful service. The calls of inquirers at the 'study' were numerous. The young men, of their own accord, began a prayer-meeting, which increased its numbers from nine to upwards of thirty. Profound interest attended their meetings, and deep impressions were made.

"On Sabbath, March 20th, 1870, our regular communion day, bright without and bright within, thirty persons, most of them young men and women, stood up and confessed their Saviour before angels and men. One of the most cheering features of the occasion was the closing up of at least four of our family circles in faith around this Christian family table. The hour was one long to be remembered. In the evening the lecture-room was crowded with a warm-hearted throng, and profound feeling was visible in the prayers, exhortations and songs of praise.

"The Session records with profound gratitude its appreciation of the kind services of our brethren in the ministry who brought to us those warm, loving and powerful messages from the Lord. May other communion days yet come to us which shall eclipse even this in the fulness and intensity of its harvestage. Amen."

In Dr. Boardman's quarter-century discourse we learn that during the twenty-five years of his pastorate one thousand and sixty-eight members were added to the communion-roll of the Tenth Church, or an average accession of nearly eleven at each one of the one hundred communions. How it would gratify his heart to know that so closely had the blessing enjoyed by the

mother followed the daughter, that almost precisely the same number had been added during a period of equal length to the communion-roll of our Zion! To our original thirty-four there have been added at our ninety-nine communions ten hundred and forty-eight,—five hundred and forty-eight on examination, and five hundred by certificate.

Of those admitted to the church on confession of faith, some were young, and some old and gray-headed, and many of them in middle life. Some were fathers going home from the communion-table to assume the headship of their households at the family altar, and day after day to plead with heaven for blessings on all the members. Some were mothers; and if ever the air gleams with flashes from the silver wings of the rejoicing angels, it is when a woman goes home to her children from the house of God and enters her doors for the first time a Christian mother. Some were precious children, each one adding another to the praying forces in the household in behalf of the rest. In quite a number of instances the convert has been the last one of the circle out of Christ, the keystone let into the arch of family bliss and glory.

Of those at one time or another in communion with us here, five have been ordained to preach the everlasting gospel, and are now doing good service in the cause; and one of them has heard the sigh from far off India's shores, and has answered:

> "Yes, I will go! I may no longer doubt
> To give up friends and idol hopes,
> And every tie that binds my heart
> To thee, my country.
> And if one for whom
> Satan hath struggled, as he hath for me,
> Should ever reach that blessed shore! Oh, how
> This heart will flame with gratitude and love!"

And to-day, while we worship here at the junction of the Delaware and the Schuylkill, our beloved brother, the Rev. Francis Heyl, is laboring efficiently and cheerfully at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna.

Three of our present number are under the care of Presbytery as candidates for the ministry, and I trust, and am sure, that there are in our families other sons consecrated by parental prayer to the glorious work of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ.

When the pinnacles of our Zion began to glimmer with the rays of the morning, they were first swept by a financial tempest, and then gilded by the great religious awakening. Years rolled on, and the thunders of an awful civil convulsion rent the air; and during its continuance we met, time and again, in this church under a nightmare of distress and apprehension. Early in the struggle one of our noble-spirited young men, Edwin F. Scott, was brought home in his coffin. Another, a brave officer, Boyd Cummings, Lieutenant-Commander of the Steamer Richmond, struck with a ball as they were passing the batteries of Port Hudson, was brought home in his shroud to his young widow, who followed him broken-hearted to the grave. And all through the war more or fewer of our choice young men were away on the field, and we knew that any moment the word might reach us that bayonet, bullet, or rending shell had laid them among the slain. And there, too, was the country of our love and pride, in jeopardy of disruption into antagonistic fragments, with "Ichabod" written over its portal, the mockery of all who hated us. Again and again, and still again, during those dark years, did we assemble for fasting and prayer to God that he would save the Union and save our boys, and silence the horrid din of war!

Following the close of the civil war and the firm compacting of the National Union came another event in which our church most heartily participated,—the Reunion of the two great branches of the Presbyterian Church. Preceding and heralding that union came that memorable convention in the church of Dr. Wylie, in Broad Street near Spruce. Sweet are the memories of that convention. Some of us well remember how bright the sun shone on that November morning when the convention first came together. Representatives from all the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in the land were there. The most indifferent could not but see by the crowds that swarmed along the sidewalks toward the place of meeting that some great event was casting its shadows before.

When the convention met, the end of the movement was a matter of profound uncertainty. Very serious misgivings were entertained by many of its wisest and ablest members as to any happy outcome from the meeting. However, during a meeting for de-

votional exercises, Ruling Elder Robert Carter, of New York, leading in prayer, was so obviously moved by the Spirit of Holiness, his utterances were so full of unction, and such was the effect of the prayer upon the people, that, at its close, it is hardly too much to say that the question of union was virtually settled. The powerful influence of the Rev. Dr. Musgrave in bringing the union to a consummation no one will question, and he himself tells us that before the meeting of the convention he had very little hope of any practical good from it; "but," as he frankly said, "at the close of Robert Carter's prayer I found myself filled with joy and hope, and I believe we now see the way clear to a glorious union in our Presbyterian Zion."

These words were spoken at the closing meeting of the convention held in this church,—a meeting not to be forgotten by those who participated in it. It was pervaded with a fervency and an unction that gave a foretaste of what we shall enjoy after the final Reunion of all the ransomed around the throne of God and the Lamb.

As the one-hundredth anniversary of the Republic drew near, the Presbyterian Church resolved to signalize the occasion by recalling to the attention of their own people, and as far as possible of the people of the land, the part that Presbyterians had taken in creating and in giving character to the Republic. So prominent was that part that Mr. Galoway, in the House of Commons, denounced the whole revolution as a Presbyterian movement. The "Sons of Liberty," in the city of New York, went by the name of the "Presbyterian Junto." Mr. Bancroft writes: "The first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, nor from the Dutch of New York, nor from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians." In the Congress that created this republic there was just one clergyman, a thorough going Presbyterian, who in his person ably represented the combined Presbyterianism in the land. It will not be questioned that in that hour when the fate of the colonies was trembling in the balance, his eloquent voice told mightily for the cause of independence. Nor will it be questioned that in the even more solemn and difficult question of *national organization* his influence was of incalculable value.

When then the one-hundredth birthday of the Republic drew nigh it was thought a just and wise thing to remind the world of these services rendered by Presbyterianism. Dr. Henry C. McCook suggested in the *Presbyterian* a statue to the great Presbyterian advocate of independence, John Witherspoon. That suggestion caught the eye of your pastor. He called the attention of the Rev. Dr. Boardman to it, whose earnest and warm response settled the success of the project. But for his cordial interest in the matter and his influence as the months rolled on, that work had never been done. However, without any seeking of his own, the whole of the *work* fell upon your pastor. By exchanging pulpits on Wednesday evenings and on the Sabbath days, and working during his summer vacations, he presented the subject in more than seventy pulpits from Roslyn, Long Island, on the east, to Steubenville, Ohio, on the west, and in ten Synods and Presbyteries. Excepting the First Presbyterian Church in New York, of which the Rev. Dr. Paxton is pastor, this church, besides through its pastor, doing all the work, contributed also by far the largest amount of money to this enterprise. The closing discourse on the life and character of Witherspoon was delivered in this church on Sabbath evening, the 22d of October, 1876, by the venerable and now sainted Dr. Plumer. And that great statue stands in that beautiful park as chiefly the work of this West Spruce Street Church.

One more memorable public event is in no small degree associated with our Zion, I mean the late Council of the Presbyterian Alliance. Yearnings for such a council had been felt in the Presbyterian heart for generations. Scattered coals blaze when they are brought together. More than three hundred years ago the great Calvin wrote that he would readily pass over ten seas to meet in council with representatives of the great churches of reformed Christendom. And in the autumn of last year there gathered in this city a council representing some twenty or thirty millions of Presbyterians, from all the continents and many of the islands of the sea, in an assemblage that for talent, sound doctrine, and piety has hardly had its superior since the First Great Council in Jerusalem. The success of that council was a theme of universal delight and admiration. In it our Zion was represented by two

members appointed by the General Assembly; on the committees intrusted with its most vital interests this church was represented by three members; in contributions this church far exceeded any other, as it did also in the number of guests it entertained, and by far the largest individual donation to its funds came from the princely liberality of one of our ruling elders;* and it is only saying what is not only universally but most cordially acknowledged, that in no small degree the golden success of the council was due to the wisdom, personal influence, self-sacrificing and untiring diligence of another of its ruling elders, *George Junkin, Esq.*

In conclusion: Since the organization of this church, twenty-five Decembers have flung their frost over the land, and as many Junes have hung the rose-clusters around us. On we have come through financial panic, and into and through the nightmare of a dreadful and protracted civil war.

The spirit of harmony which presided at the birth of our church has ever since hovered over it as the angel of peace. I believe I am not in error when I say that, as yet, neither in the board of trustees nor in the session of the church, has there been a divided vote. Not that there has not been decided difference of opinion, but such has been the dominant spirit of conciliation, that the minority has always been willing to yield to the majority and make the vote unanimous. And the same spirit has marked the history of the congregation. From some cause or other, discordant, mischievous, wrangling spirits have instinctively avoided us, and those we have been permitted to receive from other churches have come breathing the same spirit of kindliness and affection that has from the first nestled among us.

Nor has the choir that has led us in our songs of praise proved any exception to the general rule.

We have heard that discords sometimes occur even among musicians, and we have heard of schisms between the choir and the pulpit, and between the choir and the congregation.

But if in our choir, during these twenty-five years, there has been any trouble, it must have been of a very quiet sort, for rumor of it has never reached this end of the church.

And I must be permitted to say, and in saying it I speak the

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* Gustavus S. Benson.

deep convictions of a grateful heart, that Trustees of greater intelligence, zeal, and efficiency, Ruling Elders of purer motives, higher aims, judgment more sound and fidelity more true, and Deacons better fitted for their office in kindliness of spirit and untiring discharge of duty, than those who have held place in our church from the beginning until now, have seldom, if ever, blessed any church in our land.

Of the 1082 members at one time or another seated at our communion table, 104 are seated now on the steps of the throne of God and the Lamb.

Of the nine Ruling Elders who in the course of years have assisted in distributing the bread and the wine at our communion table, four have put off the mortal to put on immortality. The first to be called from us was Daniel L. Collier, Esq. He had been one of the first to take me by the hand on my arrival at Steubenville, Ohio, and a truer friend no one ever had. Coming to Philadelphia almost at the same time with myself, he became an elder in this church. He was an able lawyer, the law-preceptor of the distinguished Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, an accomplished gentleman, and a devout Christian. His death was one of those of which the poet sings:

"How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
So fades a summer cloud away!
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er!
So gently shuts the eye of day!
So dies a wave along the shore!"

The next to leave our world was Professor John S. Hart, a man of fine natural gifts, of high intellectual culture, of great administrative powers, and an efficient church officer. The third to be taken was Mr. Morris Patterson, a man, take him all in all, whose like we do not often see. Polished in manner, devout in spirit, regarded with affectionate respect by the whole community, he was taken from us in the twinkling of an eye. His death was a translation, and a whole community mourned for him. The last to go was one much less widely known, Lucius Barrows. Those, however, who did know him knew that few better, purer, more godly

men ever blessed our world. We can still, in fancy, see him in his accustomed place in that lecture-room and hear the quiet flow of thought issuing from a heart that had fed upon and digested the word of God.

From the number of our Deacons, also, God has taken one, Mr. Charles Henry Grant. I was with him to counsel him during the earlier days of a somewhat remarkable religious experience. I was with him as he faded away on the bed of death. I had abundant reason to esteem and love him as a man, as a wise father, a faithful husband, and a sincere Christian.

It is a glory to any church to be represented in heaven by five such church officers.

Of the thirty-four members composing our church at the time of its organization, fifteen have gone to their long home. Two yet remain in our circle, Dr. Hilborne West and his wife, Mrs. Susan E. West, and long may they be spared to us.

Singleton A. Mercer,	Mrs. Martha Bullock,
Mrs. Maria Mercer,	Mr. John Bayneton,
Mrs. Caroline F. M. Imbrie,	Mr. Edward Miller,
John R. Vogdes,	Mrs. Maria Black,
Benjamin Hutchinson,	Mrs. Emeline Heist,
William Watt,	Mrs. Catharine E. Lind,
Mr. John S. Hart,	Mr. Morris Patterson,

and Mrs. Mary Patterson.

Of these, the one without whom this church had hardly been built was Singleton A. Mercer. How definitely his fine figure, crowned with that snow-white head, lies photographed upon many of our memories. He was among the first with whom I became acquainted in this city. He pledged to me his personal friendship, and with characteristic fidelity he kept his word. Of purest integrity, of loftiest aims, of large liberality, he, with a few kindred spirits, responded to the suggestion of his pastor to build a house to the Lord, and rested not until this pile lifted its walls and pointed its spire toward the skies.

But many are the afflictions of the righteous. Crushing sorrow over the loss of an only son broke him down, and on a foreign shore, whither he had gone in quest of health, he laid him down and died. Peace and honor to his ashes!

A scene in the last hours of one* of this cherished Thirty-four was too remarkable and touchingly suggestive to be omitted in this record. The end was drawing near. Night came, and often during the night the daughter, watching by her side, noticed her arm extended and her hand lying open on the pillow, and once or twice drew the arm gently beneath the cover, only to see it soon replaced in its former position. In the morning, when questioned for the reason of this, she replied that she had wished to pray, but feeling too feeble to control her thoughts, she held out her open hand to her Heavenly Father, well assured that he would know her meaning.

Of those who came to us after the period of our organization and left us for the church above, one or two must be mentioned. One of these was Mr. John E. Gould, so long the leader of our music, and author of some of the sweetest music we yet sing.

Well do I remember the communion season, at the close of which I grasped his hand as he stood close to that pillar weeping and shaking with emotion, and heard this vow from his lips: "If God will, this shall be the last communion I will allow to pass without taking my seat at that table;" and he kept his word.

Warm of heart and generous of spirit, he not only freely gave to the church years of service as organist and leader of our music, but his purse was ever open at the call of the church, whether for contributions to her benevolent and missionary enterprises, or to meet necessary congregational expenses.

But shall we mention the lofty and forget the lowly? There was that poor hunchbacked German girl in our Sabbath-school, so feeble as to be unable to reach the school without repeatedly stopping on the way to rest awhile on this or that doorstep, yet almost invariably there. In that school she found sorrow for sin, and there she found the peace that passeth understanding; and then, in that lone chamber, upon that narrow bed, after a most painful sickness, accompanied, however, by a religious experience so rich and brilliant as to draw from her wealthy and accomplished teacher the expression of a willingness to change places with the poverty-stricken sufferer, she left that poor deformed body and went to heaven to bless God that this church vine had been planted here.

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* Mrs. Martha Bullock.

And shall we, can we forget the infant jewels unclasped from our breasts to be clasped to the breast of Jesus in the skies?

"A babe in glory is a babe forever,
Perfect as spirits and able to pour forth
Their glad hearts in the tongues which angels use.
These nurslings gathered in God's nursery
Forever grow in loveliness and love."

Heaven wanted them, though the earth could hardly spare them.

And now if God has made this church organization his steward to put into his treasury more than four hundred thousand dollars; if, led by his Holy Spirit, work has been prosecuted in the Sunday-school, Dorcas, Missionary, and other societies, has he not made our Zion a Sunny Mount?

And if over those five hundred and forty-eight souls, each one of them of more value than ten thousand times this world, were it one entire and perfect chrysolite, the angels have exulted as truly converted to God; and if each of the remaining five hundred has at one time or another received some upward impulse; and if many a transient worshipper has borne away impressions that have ripened into a better life, has not God made our Zion a Sunny Mount?

And if one hundred and four emancipated spirits have gone to heaven from our communion table, and there exult in joy unspeakable and full of glory, hath not God made our Zion a Sunny Mount?

And in those hundreds of seasons of worship in this place, where consolation has poured balm upon wounded hearts, doubts have been removed, hopes burnished, and joys intensified, and in those ninety-nine communion seasons in which we have bowed in solemn consecration and re-dedication of ourselves to God, has not God made our Zion a Sunny Mount?

Profoundly conscious of our weakness, our sin, and our unfaithfulness, yet profoundly thankful for all the goodness and mercy of God, we can sing with full hearts:

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood."

And the future, how well we know it. A brief period of alternating work and rest, peace and anxiety, sorrow and joy, health and sickness, pleasure and pain.

"And when the work is done,
When the last soul is won,
When Jesus' love and power
Have cheered the dying hour;
Oh! then the crown is given,
Oh! then the rest in heaven!
Endless life in endless day,
Sin and sorrow passed away."

The following are at this time the officers of our church:

Pastor.—The Rev. William P. Breed, D.D., 258 South Sixteenth Street.

Ruling Elders.—George Junkin, Henry D. Sherrerd, Gustavus S. Benson, and John D. McCord.

Deacons.—Charles O. Abbey, Frank K. Hipple, and Albert G. Heyl, M.D.

Clerk of Session.—Gustavus S. Benson.

Treasurer of Session.—Henry D. Sherrerd, 1934 Spruce Street and 5 Exchange Building.

Board of Trustees.—Gustavus S. Benson, *President.* Charles O. Abbey, *Secretary.* Henry D. Sherrerd, *Treasurer.* Edward P. Borden, James Spear, George B. Collier, Henry C. Fox, John D. McCord, Henry Maule, Albert F. Damon, George Junkin, Joseph S. Patterson, Frank K. Hipple, R. Dale Benson, Robert S. Davis.

Officers of the Sabbath-school Association.—Frank K. Hipple, *President.* Henry D. Sherrerd and Gustavus S. Benson, *Vice-Presidents.* Louis F. Benson, *Treasurer.* Charles I. Junkin, *Secretary.* Frank K. Hipple, *Sabbath-school Superintendent.* R. Dale Benson, *Assistant Sabbath-school Superintendent.*

Teachers—Male: George Junkin, Charles O. Abbey, R. Dale Benson, Charles S. Boyd, Gustavus S. Benson, Jr., Louis F. Benson, Charles B. Grant, James Ralston Grant, W. Atlee Burpee, James Johnston, Robert Scott, John H. Black, William Henry Grant, William P. Breed, Jr., James McKinley, J. Howard Breed.

Teachers—Female: Miss Ellen A. McCurdy, Miss Susan D. McCord, Miss Ella McCord, Miss Mary B. Smith, Miss Mattie R. Heyl, Miss R. Anna Breed, Miss Caroline T. Embley, Mrs. Virginia Laws, Miss Lizzie Elliott, Miss Sophie B. Grant, Miss Emily C. Gratz, Miss Ella Gratz, Miss Nettie N. Scott, Miss Lidie D. Stuart, Miss Lizzie L. Stewart, Miss Louise W. Junkin, Miss Lutie G. Dale, Miss Annie M. Grant, Miss Margie D. Abbey, Miss Mattie Johns.

Charles I. Junkin, *Secretary.* George Junkin, Jr., *Librarian.* Frank B. Abbey and Alexander Scott, *Assistant Librarians.*

CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION

OF THE DAY,

3.30 O'CLOCK, P.M.

CHILDREN'S CELEBRATION OF THE DAY.

At the celebration in the afternoon the Sabbath-school, in whose behalf this portion of the anniversary services had been specially set apart, occupied the pews in the front centre of the church, on either side of the main aisle.

Frank K. Hipple, Esq., Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, presided and conducted the exercises.

At 3.30 o'clock P.M. the programme was initiated with the "opening sentence:"

> The Lord is in His holy temple:
> Let all the earth keep silence before Him. (*Heb.* 2:20.)

Supplication, Chant, Recitation, and Hymn.

The Rev. Prentiss De Veuve, in an earnest prayer, supplicated the divine blessing, after which the Lord's Prayer was chanted by children and congregation, and the programme proceeded with in the following order:

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, which art in heaven, |
   hallowed | be thy | name.‖
   Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in |
   earth,...as it | is in | heaven.‖

2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread.‖
   And forgive us our debts, as |
   we for- | give our | debtors.‖

3. And lead us not into temptation,
   but de- | liver | us from | evil.‖
   For thine is the kingdom, and the power,
   and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men ‖

RECITATION.

A nd He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. (*Ps.* 107 : 7.)
Q uiet habitations—a tabernacle that shall not be taken down. (*Is.* 33 : 20.)
U ntil now I have sojourned and stayed there. (*Gen.* 32 : 4.)
A ccomplishing the service of God. (*Heb.* 9 : 16.)
R ejoicing always before Him. (*Prov.* 8 : 30.)
T wenty-and-five years in Jerusalem. (1 *Kings* 22 : 42.)
E stablished in the faith, and increased in number daily. (*Acts* 16 : 5.)
R emember ye not the former things, neither consider the things of old? (*Is.* 43 : 18.)
C ontinue Thy loving kindness unto them that know Thee. (*Ps.* 36 : 10.)
E stablish the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. (*Ps.* 90 : 17.)
N ow therefore, O God, strengthen my hands. (*Neh.* 6 : 9.)
T ake not Thy holy spirit from me. (*Ps.* 51 : 11.)
U phold me according unto Thy word that I may live. (*Ps.* 119 : 116.)
R emember Thy congregation which Thou hast purchased of old. (*Ps.* 74 : 2.)
Y ield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into His sanctuary which he hath sanctified forever, and serve the Lord your God. (2 *Chron.* 30 : 8.)

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

(Written for the occasion by Louis F. Benson.)

Shepherd of this flock, how loving
Hath Thy tender guidance been;
By so stilly waters leading
Through Thy pastures stretching green:
Now to Thee, the ever faithful
And unchanging for so long,
We would lift our thankful voices
In this Anniversary Song.

Beautiful this day, and holy,
With the thought that we have come
Five-and-twenty marches onward,
By a road that points toward home.
Here we rest, Thy flock enfolded
In Thine arms, our wayside inn;
And each heart to each gives greeting
Ere to-morrow's march begin.

Some have fallen, they the weary,
Fallen down beside the way:
Lord, we loved them, and we miss them
From our company to-day.
Thou wast by them, Thou the Shepherd,
On Thy bosom Thou didst bear
Our companions who were weary,
To Thy fold, and hast them there.

They are with Thee, and their faces
Like the stars are smiling down:
They are with Thee; we shall find them
When like them we gain the crown.
Then to Thee, the ever loving
And unchanging for so long,
We shall join with them in singing
Some new Anniversary Song.

The Chairman (Superintendent Hipple)—Children: In respect to the next order of the programme I need only say you will need no introduction whatever to him who has been, as well to our school as to our church, "our first and only pastor."

Dr. Breed promptly responded to the call in the following remarks:

Address by the Pastor.

When the eye of a pastor rests upon the Sabbath-school, he always sees two very interesting objects, the band of teachers and the clusters of scholars. In the persons of the teachers he always sees those of whose sympathy he is thoroughly confident, and this partly because his and their offices are so much alike. The Sabbath-school teacher is a preacher and a pastor. He takes the word of God and opens it to the mind and the heart of the class. Thus the Sabbath-school teacher is a preacher of the Gospel, and a preacher to a congregation that can hardly fail to take the message home to themselves. Ordinarily, in a large congregation, people distribute the lessons among their neighbors, and say this is for that man, and that is for this woman, but in the little congregation before the Sabbath-school teacher, each hearer must take the matter to himself or herself.

Then there is a pastoral work connected with the Sabbath-school class which, when properly pressed, is very effective. Those visits that teachers make to the class are highly appreciated, and they produce a marked impression. Not unfrequently I go into a family and hear it said, with sparkling eyes, "The Sabbath-school teacher was here yesterday." Thus the work is that of the preacher and the pastor.

I repeat that among the laborers of the Sabbath-school the pastor knows that he has sympathy; and, speaking from my own experience, I can say I know that in any work that is to be done

and which teachers can do, I am sure of their co-operation whenever the call is made.

Then there is the great band of children in the Sabbath-school, to each of whom the pastor's heart is necessarily and powerfully drawn. How he loves to see the children coming early,—coming when they are little,—and offering themselves to the Saviour!

In looking over the Sabbath-school now before me, and remembering some of the marvellous things of the quarter century just closed, I am thinking of what may come to pass in the course of another twenty-five years in the lives of the dear children here assembled. Twenty-five years hence—1906 I think that will be,—it is not impossible that one of these boys before me will be standing in this pulpit preaching the Gospel to this congregation. Certainly that is not impossible nor improbable. So to is it quite possible that, twenty-five years from this time, some of these boys may be away off in India, preaching there the unsearchable riches of Christ. So too it is possible that in twenty-five years, from among those boys whom I now see before me, there will be some away out in those western lands, in some region where they have hardly as yet heard the Gospel, toiling for and building up the church of the living God. Why anything and everything that pertains to individual advancement and greatness is possible here, in this America of ours, in the course of twenty-five years. Indeed I do not know but that I am now addressing some future James A. Garfield. How can I ignore the possibility that twenty-five years hence or at some more remote period one of these boys before me this afternoon, may be sitting in the chair in yonder White House, and ruling, as President over a nation of sixty or seventy millions of people!

My friends, I think we ought to bear these things in mind when we are before these little ones, for in them we have the future in the present. We may have a Mayor of this city, a Governor of this commonwealth, and a President of this land, in the multitudes now gathered within these Sabbath Schools. And I say to you, children, you will find twenty-five years hence, if you live until then, that the ruling power in the State and the ruling power in the nation is constituted from among men who are not infidels, who are not atheists, who are not the bad or the wicked of the times, but who are those who in this day, and at the present time, were

in our Sabbath-schools, in our churches, and in our congregations. There is a good deal of wickedness in the world, but God is stronger than wickedness, and God's people rule the world to-day!

I must not occupy much of your time, but I rose to say that now, when we are upon the threshold of a new twenty-five years, we can hardly help looking forward, and looking around us, and looking backward over the twenty-five years that have just elapsed. The occasion, I suppose, would be a proper one for me to give you some reminiscences connected with your school in the period just ended, to tell you how many have come to confess the Saviour before men; how many have gone from beds of death up to thrones of glory, but I will not detain you with more than two or three passing allusions to incidents of interest, which carried with them practical lessons of great value. Some years ago it was the custom in the school, as you know, to issue tickets to the scholars. We gave, for instance, one blue ticket every Sabbath for attendance, so many blue tickets for proficiency in a lesson, and so on; a certain number of these entitling the holder to one red ticket, and then six, or ten, or twenty red tickets, as the case might be, secured the gift of a book. In one of the classes was a little girl, who needed one more blue one to entitle her to a red ticket; and this, with what she had, would entitle her to a book. Looking rather uneasy upon coming to the school on Sabbath morning, her teacher asked her: "What is the matter, Annie?" "Well, teacher," she replied, "you said if we asked God for anything, and asked him again and again, in faith, He would give it to us. Now, I wanted another blue ticket, and I knelt down by the chair in my room, and prayed, and prayed, and prayed to God, that he would turn one of my blue tickets red, and he did not!" "Well," the teacher replied, "God answers prayer in the way that he thinks will be the best for us. He has led you to pray that one of those tickets may be turned into a red one, and he has led you to tell me of it. Now, give me one of those blue tickets, and I will give you a red one for it. Now your prayer is answered. We are not to expect God to perform a miracle, when he can do what we ask for in this simple way." Thus the child learned a beautiful lesson of the way, in which God answers prayer. He gives us not what we think we need or desire,

but what we would desire, if we knew what we did need, in just his own way, and it comes all the better for us, when it comes in God's way.

Another of the many incidents that occur to me was that of a teacher who was in terrible spiritual distress. I never saw greater darkness of mind than that under which that teacher was suffering. She came to me in the study there, where we had a long talk, and then knelt in prayer. As she took her departure she said, "I am going home and am going to pray until the light comes, if I do not rise from my knees until the morning." On the next morning I received a note from her, saying, "I prayed all night long, and my heart is as dark as ever." By and by I received another letter from her in which she wrote, "Ah, victory! I feel as did Napoleon at Austerlitz. That little boy from a Roman Catholic family, who was sick, of whom I told you, whom I visited and with whom I have prayed and talked, has gone to heaven with clear evidence that he is saved, and I have been the means of his conversion—the darkness is gone!" God did not answer her prayer when she prayed all night for that blessing, but He put it into her heart to go and be His instrument in saving that boy, and the light came! It is a very interesting and instructive lesson, withal. Don't think too much about self or about your own condition. Go and save a soul! Having done that you will feel that in having made you an instrument for the salvation of a soul God has recognized you as one of his own children.

In conclusion I would simply make two observations, one directly to the teachers, the other directly to the scholars. To the teachers I would say, Be willing to work away, to toil and labor on, even though you do not promptly see the result of your labors. You may be very sure that God knows what you are doing. God wants these souls, and God will take care of the seed you put in the ground. You have often, I have no doubt, heard of that woman in Strasburg, who, in her quiet room, laboriously worked away with a chisel at a piece of stone until she had given it the shape of a beautiful ornament, and then she brought it to the architect of the great cathedral in course of erection there and charged him to work it into the masonry of the cathedral steeple, specially enjoining him to place it high up towards the

stars. "Why," the architect said, "nobody will ever see it up there. The people cannot see a beautiful little object like that if it be so far away up in the air." "I know that," she replied, "but God and the angels will see it." So, too, I would have you reflect when you are doing this good work, that no matter who may or may not see it, God and the angels see the work you are doing, and they will appreciate the value of the beautiful stone that you work into the wall of His beautiful cathedral.

Upon you, my children, there is one thing that I would urge, and that is, whatever is given you to do, do it well. If it be a lesson at school, try to get it thoroughly. Sometimes your teachers may assign you more lessons than you ought to be taxed with, and in such cases I do not see how you can master them all perfectly, but if you are able to study only one or two of them, get that one or those two thoroughly. That old artist, Joshua Reynolds, I think it was, when painting a picture to go to China, was remonstrated with for expending upon it as much care, deliberation and skill as if it were destined for the palace of a king, and he was told that his work would not be appreciated in a country like China. His answer was, "I cannot do anything but my best." His rule of action was the proper one and is one that should be adopted by each of you. In everything you undertake, do "your best." Then again, among those messenger boys dressed in uniform whom I have noticed on the street, I remember one who was hurrying on as if anxious to get his letter delivered. I remember another who, with message in hand, was loitering along, though his message may have been a telegram telling that somebody was dying. I said to myself "that first boy will make his way in the world, while the other may be likened to a discarded machine that is good for nothing." Those boys and girls whose chief object is to get their work off their hands with as little labor as possible turn out generally to be good for nothing. Resolve, then, in everything you do, to do the very best and resolve to be everything that you are capable of being, and by God's help you will by and by be more than you ever even dreamed of being. You know not what is in you. You have been created in God's image. No one can tell the depth of the powers of mind and heart that are capable of development in one

of these little children. May God bless you, keep you and smile on you, my children, and bring you happily to the end of the quarter of a century that now opens before you. Some of us here now will not see the end of that period, nor can we foresee who will then stand in this pulpit or who will then occupy these pews; but no doubt many of you children will be here. God bless you and conduct you on; and, when the end of another twenty-five years has been reached, may no boy or girl now here have to say, "I have wasted my time, I have thrown away my opportunity;" but may God give you grace to so live that you may then say, "I have done what I could in God's name and with God's strength helping me!"

The next order of the programme was the following:

TE DEUM.

1. Cho.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who only art divine;
No name is worthy such homage as thine;
Our hearts' adoration forever we will gladly bring
To Thee, our Creator, Redeemer, and King.
Girls { To meet the glad echoes our voices we raise,
And join with our souls in the anthem of praise;
We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who only art divine,
For no name is worthy such homage as Thine.
Solo { With angels in glory, we herald the story,
Glad tidings of joy and peace, through our Saviour and King.
Cho.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who only art divine;
No name is worthy such homage as Thine;
Our hearts' adoration forever we will gladly bring
To Thee, our Creator, Redeemer, and King.

2. Cho.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee, etc.
Girls { For mercies unnumbered, for tenderest care,
For blessings Thy children so bounteously share;
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, etc.
Solo { Now joyfully blending, with rapture ascending,
Our tribute of praise to Thee, Blessed Saviour and King.
Cho.—We praise Thee, we bless Thee! Thou who only art divine;
No name is worthy such homage as thine;
Our hearts' adoration forever we will gladly bring
To Thee, our Creator, Redeemer, and King.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.
Hallelujah, Amen, Amen.

Upon being presented by Superintendent Hipple, Mr. MacIntosh spoke as follows:

Address by Rev. John S. MacIntosh.

Dear young Friends and Christian Teachers: You will permit me just to say at the opening, that my tardy arrival was not through any undue procrastination on my part, but was owing to my delivering an address at Tabor; and as soon as that necessity had been complied with, I came straight here. I like to be punctual, and when I am not, I like to have you and others know the reason why I come in late.

There is to me, in occasions like this, something that is peculiarly tender, touching, and thrilling. There is in it all the tenderness of a family union; and indeed I know not of any family union that is more close and sacred and precious than the union that grows up between a pastor and the children of his flock. That thought impresses me with peculiar force just at present; for of all the ties that I was compelled to break, in coming away from that church and congregation where I had been laboring for some years, the most difficult for me to sunder was the tie that bound me to my Sabbath-school; and as I went before the children of that school, on the last evening of my stay with them, and spoke to them with difficulty the last closing words, and, after the school was over, the children gathered about me, I realized something of the rich tenderness of that precious occasion.

It is wondrously touching, my dear teachers, as you think of it, to realize that in a few years these dear children for whom we think and pray,—as I know your beloved pastor does think and pray, and has prayed and thought for them during these long years wherein the Lord has blessed him, and through which He has brought him with such superabundant goodness,—are to scatter to and fro. There is something marvellously touching in the thought. As I stand here, children, and look at you this day, I think of my lads and lassies, those whom I taught for a few years in the Sabbath-school, and hoped, with the blessing of God, somewhat to influence. And now they are scattered over this broad Union, and scattered to the four ends of the earth,—some away down in the Australasian Islands, some in the far North, while some have

gone home before me. There is something strange and thrilling in it all as we, pastors and teachers, reflect that God is putting into our hands these youthful hearts just when we can most easily draw from them the new song of Moses, that old servant of God, and of the Lamb. Oh, how thrilling it is for us to think of the blessed opportunities that God is giving to us in the persons of these His dear creatures!

But some peculiar thoughts suggest themselves as I look across this school this afternoon and remember that this is an anniversary time. What do I mean by that? You know what your review days are in the school. They are days when you mentally retrace your steps, and think of the work you have done, and of what it means. Is not that largely the idea of this happy gathering; one in which I joy and rejoice with you all, and with none more than with my dear friend here [turning to Dr. Breed], who is the centre of the occasion, and "may the king long live!" What, then, is the meaning of this review? The thought suggested by the query is, I think, one that finds most forcible expression in likening the occasion to a retrospect of the work of the gardener in producing a valuable garden or beautiful landscape. In front of the old parsonage in which I spent some years of hard labor but of great joy, there was spread out, as I used to think, the brightest bit of green earth that ever greeted mortal eye, and one that could not have been surpassed even in the Emerald Isle itself. There went murmuring and meandering through it a sweet-looking stream that seldom froze in winter, even in the hardest, which sang its rippling songs all through the hottest days of summer, and was ofttimes in sleepless nights a comfort and a joy. One of those who had gone before me in the pastorate of that congregation had planted the banks of that stream full of violets and hardy odorous plants, and had studded all across the green of that parsonage early spring flowers and beauteous plants that came up and bloomed in the summer and the autumn time. As from time to time, in the morning and in the evening, a breath odorous, laden with sweetness, was blown from those banks of violets, and especially when, after a sultry day of summer, there came the sweet fragrance of a thousand flowers, fresh breathed upon you from the bright lips of those tender products of the green earth, I mentally exclaimed, "Here we have indeed a picture of what a pastor's

or a teacher's life ought to be." The teacher, like the pastor, ought to leave behind him, for those who may follow after him, sweetness, beauty, joy. That is exactly, as it seems to me, what your dear pastor has been striving for, and I know, in some measure at least, —for such has been the result of my observations even during the few days I have been here,—he has not striven ineffectually. I want you, my dear young friends, to think of this (for you are growing up full of the sweetness of Christian children), in order that, wherever you are, the sweet breath of Christ's love and Christ's untiring, tender sympathy may be going out from you; that you may ever exhibit the fresh, bright beauty of those who have been made new creatures in Christ Jesus; and that every spot whereon you may be found shall be brighter, more cheery, more homelike, more Edenic, more like the paradise of God, because some of Christ's bright-growing flowers are found there. Oh, how I long that you may be made new by the Spirit of God, and, having the sweetness of God's love in your hearts, may be witnesses to others that one of Christ's gardeners has been planting this spot of the Church's garden with the sweet violets, the pure snowdrops, and the sunny, fragrant flowers of God's own children!

I sometimes think of the pastor's work from another standpoint. There lay right above my old parsonage a knoll that formerly, by reason of its location, was the most wind-swept and barren spot along a fine old roadway, and yet that knoll had been changed into one of the most beautiful, one of the most productive, one of the best sheltered and most delightsome of any along the whole road. What had wrought the change? The change was the direct result of the planting of some trees. These were trees of a pastor's planting. In looking out upon the roadway, this pastor reflected how useful as well as ornamental it would be if that hill was crowned with trees; that while adding to the picturesqueness of the view from his own windows, this would be a good thing as affording some shelter for the weary carters on the road on wintry, windy nights, as they came exposed to this breezy sweep, and moreover that as a few fruit trees there would be near a school and inside the school inclosure, the children attending that school would be provided with free fruit. The pastor's trees were, therefore, planted and they grew and bore fruit. They became strong and hardy, and while their luxuriant foliage in summer insured a refuge from

the sun's hot rays, their strong breasts and stout limbs were an equal guarantee of protection from the blasts of winter. The old Scotch fir, strong and mighty, stood right along the front line to break the force of the wind, while on the inner side were ranged the fruit trees. As I looked upon the spot and realized how completely that bleak knoll had been transformed, how it had been made productive, bright and attractive, how it had been sheltered and made beautiful; when I saw how, in the autumn-time the boughs bent heavily down with the rich clusters of ripening fruit, I thought that here was typified precisely that memorial that a pastor ought to yearn to leave behind him,—trees of the Lord's right-hand planting—trees which the Great Master of the vineyard had employed him to plant. I would have children, especially you, Sabbath-school scholars, to remember there are bleak spots in life where there are weary souls that have little shelter, where there are hungry souls that have little sustenance.

What has your pastor been laboring here for? He has been laboring to grow you into stalwart trees of God, he has been laboring to grow you into fruitful trees, trees that shall bring forth the sevenfold fruitage of the Spirit. Pray for him that, when he has passed out of the view of men, there shall remain these sheltered and fruitful spots, where you shall continue to grow as trees of a vineyard planted by Jesus himself, heavy laden with the golden, glorious fruit of Christ.

And now, with one other remark, I will have stated the thoughts suggested by the inspiration of the moment. I sometimes think, as I walk through my library and recall the names of some of the good men whom God has given to us, that the pastor's life should be like the memorial which a great and good author leaves behind him in his books and writings, or, in other words, in his epistles. You remember that that was the idea that was before the mind of the Apostle Paul; for, as he writes his second letter to Corinth, he says in substance: "I do not need any letter of introduction: wherever I go, I have living letters that introduce me and make the people know precisely what I am and what I have striven to do; ye are my epistles, written not with pen and ink but written on the tables of the heart." What were they whom he thus addressed? They were in themselves gospels of Christ. Paul had written them over, within and without, as it were, filled them full

from the beginning to the ending of Jesus Christ; so that, wherever they went, they spoke of Christ; they witnessed for Christ. And when it was asked how it came to pass that they had grown, as it were, into living gospels, the only answer that could be given was: "It was our pastor's work." It was the work of Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles. Dear young friends, from that pulpit, through the lips of your pastor, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in its richness and fulness, in its transforming power, in its sanctifying glory, has been poured into you—with what end? That you should be his epistle, and, above all, Christ's epistles; that as you go to speak or to preach to others, it may be seen what sort of a gospel God, by His Spirit, enabled your pastor to preach to you; that if you go to bring the weary sinner to Jesus, it may be known how Christ, through your pastor, comforted you; and that, if you speak of rest for the people of God, it may be known how your pastor filled your heart full of the joy and hope of heaven until the Gospel of gladness sang its continual song of joy from out of your rejoicing spirit.

I pray that this field of labor may be more and more a garden which the Lord God has blessed; that more and more ye may be the pastor's trees of the Lord's right hand planting; and that everywhere ye may be the epistles of Christ known and read of all men.

Upon the conclusion of the address, the tiny voices of the Infant School gently blended in the following sweet strains:

Hymn by the Infant School.

Hark, the gentle voice of Jesus falleth
Tenderly upon your ear;
Sweet his cry of love and pity calleth;
Turn and listen, stay and hear.

Chorus.—Ye that labor and are heavy laden,
Lean upon your dear Lord's breast;
Ye that labor and are heavy laden,
Come, and I will give you rest.

Take His yoke, for He is meek and lowly,
Bear His burden, of Him learn.
He who calleth is the Master, holy;
He will teach, if you will learn.

Chorus.—Ye that labor, etc.

Then, His loving, tender voice obeying,
Bear His yoke, His burden take;
Find the yoke His hand is on you laying
Light and easy for His sake.

CHORUS.—Ye that labor, etc.

ADDRESS BY REV. JOSEPH R. KERR, OF NEW YORK CITY.

Upon being presented by Superintendent Hipple, the speaker said:

After two such speeches as those to which you have been privileged to listen, I think it almost presumption on my part to consent even to accept the courtesy of an invitation from your superintendent to proceed with what I may have to say. I fear to take up this harp which has been playing so sweetly under your pastor's tender touch, and whose chords have been struck so responsively by others.

However, I really know of no words which I may use with more propriety this afternoon, in greeting you, than the words made use of by Moses when the children of Israel were upon the plains of Moab, after they had taken their long journey from Horeb, and when Moses's life was nearly done and he must soon pass out from this earth. The shadow of the mountain seemed to be already upon his head when, looking downward and seeing six hundred thousand of the children of Israel, mostly a young generation, crowded together, he looked, he listened, and, stretching forth his hands, he said: "The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many as ye are, and bless you." That is my greeting to you, dear children; and in that connection I will ask you to let me say a word to you young people about your fathers' God. Our fathers' God; he is the immutable Godhead. My father's God and my God; he is the same God. Unlike the things of the earth, all that pertains to the Godhead is the same now and evermore. We usually prize very highly any article that once belonged to our parents. I have in my study an old-fashioned red hickory chair in which, they tell me, my grandfather sat, years ago, in his little study on the banks of the Allegheny River, in Western Pennsylvania, when preparing his sermons for the people. I have taken that old chair into my study, and when preparing my sermons for my

people, I sit in it; and because it was my grandfather's and my father's chair I prize it and I love it. When a gentleman, who came into my house a few months ago, exhibited to me an old-fashioned watch (one of those bull's-eye watches), which he casually pulled from his pocket, I remarked to him: "Why, dear me, you ought to carry a better-looking watch than that." Instantly his countenance lit up and a moisture came about his eye as he replied: "No, I wouldn't give that old watch for all the American watches you could offer me; my father carried it until he died." A friend of mine had on his little finger a ring of gold which had been worn very thin, indeed one edge of it was quite ragged, and when noticing its condition I said to him: "That is a peculiar-looking ring; there must be some mystery about it." As he replied his voice grew husky as he went on to tell me: "That is the ring my father put on my mother's hand years and years ago. When that hand was cold and still he slipped it off and put it on his own finger, and he wore it until his own hand was waxen like hers. Now it is mine, and I am going to wear it to the grave." Ah, but we all have "our fathers' God." My father's God is not worn, scarred, and bruised like my old study chair; nor is He defaced, old-fashioned, and out of date, like my friend's watch; nor is He ragged and very delicate, having served his day, like that dead woman's ring. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The eternal throne—God's white throne, your fathers' God's throne, and my father's God's throne—is as bright and strong to-day as ever. It is not all broken down by time, like one of the old castles on the Rhine, with the ivy or the wild vines trembling o'er it.

Our fathers' God! Out there at Laurel Hill some of you children in the summer-time have seen, right at the gateway, the statue of Old Mortality. Very likely you are familiar with the history of the statue, and with the very sweet and tender story of which it is the reminder,—of the old man going through a grave-yard, with mallet and chisel trying to pick out in the marble the names that had become all blurred with time and overgrown with moss. "Our fathers, where are they?" Old Mortality seems to ask, as he bends his head and looks curiously over the fallen tombstones. But our fathers' God! Aye, He is still by our side; ever the same in all His perfection, beauty, and excellence; just as fresh for you,

boys, as He was for your fathers. How then is it with the elderly, with those of you here to-day who are far advanced in life? Dear friend, you are not so strong as you used to be; you are standing at life's west window; you feel that you cannot get to church as often as you would like to; you feel often, when you come, you can hardly join in the service, your voice is thin and weak. Ah, me, while I have been talking about this God of our fathers being the the same, you say to yourself, "Oh, yes, He is the same to me to-day, sir; and tell the children for me,—for the old man and the old woman here to-day,—He is just the same blessed, precious God that He was years ago, when we put our hand up into His, and there fell upon our anxious face His forgiving smile."

Then I want to say that the Lord God of your fathers is a tried God. You know that David protested when Saul put the armor on him and gave him the spear with which he was to go out and fight the giant, "No, I cannot wear nor carry anything like that; it is very clumsy." When Saul urged him to wear the armor as his only means of defence in the conflict, the stripling said, "No, take it off me; give me the sling, give me a pebble from the brook; I have tried that and I know what I can do with it." Then while we know of different degrees of friendship, we know that that of Jonathan's was a tried friendship. But I must hasten on in bringing this point out to you more clearly. Young people are confiding and they want to grow up with confidence in some one who has been tried, who has been found true, who has been found efficient, who has been found faithful in all love and beauty and power and grace. This God of your fathers has been tried and has never, never been found wanting.

This day a week ago I attended the funeral of a lady, in New York, of whom I had known nothing until a few days before that. I think it was on the previous Wednesday or Thursday, that one of my lady friends came to me and said:

"Mr. Kerr, will you go up on the avenue and see a sick lady?"

"Does she belong to my church?" I queried.

"No, sir."

"Does she go to any church?"

"No, sir; she does not go to any church."

"What kind of a woman has she been?"

"Well, her life has not been very white, sir."

"Has she any friends here?"

"No, sir; but she wants to see a minister, and I came down to you. Will you go?"

"Certainly I will go," I replied, and accordingly started for up-town. I was finally shown into a room very comfortably, if not luxuriously furnished, and went to the bedside of the invalid. The poor sufferer was lying there helpless and scarcely able to speak, and as gently as I could I said to her:

"Madam, I am here. I understand that you sent for me. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "I want to be saved—I want to be saved!"

I inquired: "Do you know anything about the Saviour?"

Her eyes filled up, and the big tears ran down over the sunken checks, as she replied:

"I used to know about him."

I said: "If you are able to talk just for a few minutes longer will you tell me about that which used to be?"

She responded: "If you will inquire of some of the old residents of New York, you will know that when I was a girl there was a Sunday-school in a frame building down on such and such a street. My mother used to take me there and she used to tell me that the Saviour was the best friend I could possibly have, and she told me she had tried Him."

I asked: "Did you never try Him yourself?"

"No," she answered.

Ah, the poor thing had been trying other friends and other helpers. The supports on which she relied had broken under her weight, and the splinters were piercing her dying heart. Oh, how her trembling lips repeated to me the cry:

"I want to be saved!"

I repeated to her again the testimony her mother had given, assuring her that He was a tried Saviour of myself, that He was a tried God, and advised her just to cast her whole weight upon Him, and she would be saved. I was not privileged to be present when she was called away, but they told me that just before she died, when the cold waves of the Jordan were washing about her, she exclaimed: "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," as though she had become sincerely penitent.

Let me just give you crudely the points of the rest of my address, for I am trespassing upon the hospitalities of the occasion.

The Lord God of your fathers is the same God, and he is a tried God, and part of my prayer to-day is that you may increase and multiply a thousand-fold, having the fear of God and the love of His Bible in your hearts. Now let me call your attention to two of God's exceeding great and precious promises. The first is this: "They that seek me early shall find me." This dear boy whom I see before me has been repeating those precious words. They remind me of an interesting incident which occurred in my experience yesterday. Upon entering a bank which adjoins my residence I was impressed with the fact that the cashier, whom I met there, seemed to be in an unusually happy mood. Upon my calling attention to the fact, he replied:

"Yes, I feel splendid to-day."

I observed that my supposition was that the cause was due to the fine bracing weather, and in response he called me aside and stated the reason for his buoyant spirits. He said:

"My boy Willie, who is only twelve and a half years old, and who is our only boy, told his mother and me last night that on Sunday next he is to partake of the communion. He has been to see his pastor."

This was the fulfilment of the promise: "They that seek me early shall find me." Think it over, my dear children. And now will you not repeat it with your own tongues that it may find more secure lodgment in your hearts:

[The suggestion of Dr. Kerr was here promptly and heartily responded to by the little ones, who repeated audibly and impressively the words of the promise.]

Now I make a like request with regard to the second promise, and I address that request to the elderly members of the great assemblage before me. I ask them to repeat these words: "Go ye out from among them and be ye shepherds, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean things; and I will be a father unto you,"—our fathers' God,—"and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." That is too long a response for you to make, is it not? I will not insist upon my request. My prayer is that the Lord may bless you through these promises.

Let me add that I am delighted to be here to-day. I deem it quite a privilege and quite an honor to be here and to lift my voice, even in this disconnected way, in honor of what I may term the coincidental anniversary of the formation of this pastorate and of the organization of this church twenty-five years ago. The twofold character of the occasion forcibly reminds me of what I saw in a forest last summer. Two trees had grown together, intertwining their branches and their foliage above the spot where years before the seed had germinated. When but a few feet above the surface the two young trees had inclined toward each other, and, as they increased in growth, had gradually developed their natural tendency until their relation toward each other had all the appearance of a mutual dependence upon each other for support. Another peculiarity of the picture was the growth of a beautiful vine which had wound itself around the blended trees, and, strengthening with their strength, had extended itself to the uppermost branches of both as if to catch the first rays of God's enriching sunlight. I think that that picture typifies most beautifully this pastorate of twenty-five years, this quarter-century of the organization of this church and this Sabbath-school. You are one tree, and around about that tree, growing up toward God's Son of righteousness, the young people are the vine. Stability and safety are emblemized there. My dear children, young people like yourselves are disposed to be a little unstable, to go from one church to another, from one Sabbath-school to another, oftentimes finding attractions outside the church, being led away, and, in many instances, ultimately bringing sorrow to their own homes as well as to the heart of the pastor. Let me urge you, as you value your own character, your own peace of mind, your own enjoyment, to cling around this twenty-five year old tree. There is safety for you in it and there is beauty in it. As the vine beautifies the tree, so do you with all your graces and all your excellencies beautify this place. In saying to you that I love your pastor, I do not utter any mere idle words, for if you could look right down into my heart you would realize how sincere is the declaration; and I am not at all jealous that you love him too. He is big enough to go all around. God bless him, God bless you, and may he and you be as bright and happy in the years to come as you both appear to be now.

The next order of the programme was a hymn, in the singing of which the school joined, as follows:

Hymn.

1. Girls—We are marching on with shield and banner bright,
Boys—We will work for God and battle for the right,
Girls—We will praise his name rejoicing in his might,
All—And we'll work till Jesus calls.
Chorus—(*Girls*) Then awake,—(*Boys*) Then awake,
(*Girls*) Then awake,—(*Boys*) Then awake,
(*Girls*) Happy song,—(*Boys*) Happy song,
(*Girls*) Happy song,—(*Boys*) Happy song,
(*Girls*) Shout for joy,—(*Boys*) Shout for joy,
(*Girls*) Shout for joy,—(*Boys*) Shout for joy,
(*All*) As we gladly march along.
We are marching onward, singing as we go,
To the promised land where living waters flow;
Come and join our ranks as pilgrims here below,
Come and work till Jesus calls.

2. Girls—We are marching on and pressing toward the prize,
Boys—To a glorious crown beyond the glowing skies,
Girls—To the radiant fields where pleasure never dies,
All—And we'll work till Jesus calls.
Chorus—Then awake, etc.

The Chairman (Superintendent Frank K. Hipple, Esq.), having stated that that point in the programme had been reached at which remarks *impromptu* were in order, said:

Remarks by the Superintendent.

Five years ago, when our school was twenty years old, we had all our four superintendents upon the platform at our anniversary. Our first superintendent, John S. Hart, has since gone to his reward, but you have the other three here this afternoon, and they will each say a few words to the school. Mr. Junkin, our senior ex-superintendent, whom I now present, is known to you all.

Mr. Junkin promptly responded as follows:

Address by George Junkin, Esq.

Well, children, it always makes me feel sad to think that I should be called the senior superintendent of this great school; but when I look over it and recognize that those who were scholars,

when I had the honor and the pleasure of presiding over that school, are now teachers in it and leaders in this great army of children, I realize that I am perhaps getting old. And yet, if I am indeed growing old, it is in a service in which, I trust, I shall find myself when called, like my predecessor, to lay off the weapons of warfare and to lie down in peace. That I was for six years the superintendent of this school was to me a happy experience. I followed in the footsteps of one who was a Prince in this sort of work, so that when I came to it I found the work organized and ready to my hand, and had but to follow on in the footprints which he had left. To one and all of you I now address myself, when I say, that it is my privilege and duty to return you thanks for the kindness, the love, and the consideration that I always received at your hands. It was a joy and a pleasure to preside over the school; and I was supported, as my predecessor had been, and as my successors all have been, by the ardent co-operation and aid of every teacher in the school.

But this is the anniversary of our twenty-five years of existence, and, as has been beautifully said, it is the joint anniversary, the coincidental,—it was a very long word that Brother Kerr made use of,—"the coincidental" anniversary of the pastorate also; and it becomes me here to say, that our dear pastor has been to this school a loving and tender shepherd of the sheep. He has led us by the still waters and in the green pastures, and it has been a joy and a delight to us all to follow him as he has preceded us in the way. How well do I remember that, in the afternoon service, when, upon his coming up those stairs and opening that door, I would be at my desk, not noticing that the door had opened, I would instantly see a ripple passing over the school, just as you sometimes see a flash of sunlight glancing over a landscape when a cloud has lifted. I knew instinctively what it meant; the Pastor had come in, and every child's face sparkled with joy as the Pastor passed from seat to seat, and spoke to each class.

But I must not detain you with a long speech, as we are to have two more speeches, and it would be rather an impertinence for me to occupy your time in making a speech after the three we have listened to. I thank my friend, Mr. Hipple, the Superintendent, for having given me the opportunity of looking once more in your faces, and the opportunity of looking once more in the faces of

those whom I remember were little children like yourselves when I took charge of the school, who have grown to be men and women, while my own sons and daughters occupy places as teachers in the school, and it will be only a short time ere I shall hope to see my grandson occupying a like place. I am indeed growing old, but, as was remarked to me in conversation this morning, "Sixty years of age may seem to leave but a very short time to live, but it depends altogether from which side of sixty you look at it, whether you affirm or reject that view of it." As I get nearer home, it seems to me to be as far away as before, and I cannot realize that I am growing old. If I pass the rest of my years, as heretofore, among these teachers and these scholars, and among those who compose this church, I hope that, although the frosts of winter may fall upon me and the shadow of the grave dim my vision, I shall never feel that I am old, but shall feel that I am continually renewing my youth. And I shall be rejoiced if my exit from this world be as peaceful, as joyful, and as glorious as was that of my predecessor from the scenes of time to the glorious realities of a blissful eternity.

The Chairman next presented his immediate predecessor in the superintendency, and Mr. Sherrerd responded as follows:

Address by Henry D. Sherrerd, Esq.

It was hardly necessary that I should be called upon to say a word save by way of indorsement of all that my beloved Brother Junkin has said. Following him in the superintendency, as I did, I had no trouble to contend with, such as that to which he has referred in connection with the superintendency of his predecessor, Professor Hart. The pathway had been laid out, and all that I had to do was to follow therein. My service of eight years as a teacher in this beloved school was followed by a superintendency of nine years, and those seventeen years were to me years of happiness. And how could it be otherwise? With a school so docile, so teachable, with teachers so faithful and so sustaining, my heart would be that of a stone if I could not stand up here and indorse all that has already been said, and express the satisfaction and gratification I feel in the recollection of the joys

which I experienced throughout the period of my tutorship and superintendency. As my Brother Junkin has truly said, those who were then boys and girls in this school have since risen up to be teachers and heads of families, and I can repeat for myself the assertion which that brother has made for himself, that I do not think I feel any older than I did on the day on which I first came into the school. I trust the Lord will permit me to enjoy this feeling as long as He allows me to occupy a place upon this, his footstool.

But, dear friends, we would have you realize that it is the desire of all of us that you should be in the army of the living God. Allusion has been made to some of those noble men of God who became illustrious in their generation by reason of their having learned and kept the commandments of Him who sat on high. Moses was mentioned by one of my learned brethren who preceded me. Do you suppose that that noble sister who watched the cradled infant as he lay in the bulrushes along the Nile did not feel apprehensive of the dangers that threatened him? Little did she imagine that he was destined to arise to be a great prince, to lead the great family of the Israelites through their eventful journey, and to be the great counsellor of his people. Who here before me may not be a great leader in Israel? There was Samuel—a weak little boy. How he grew in wisdom! Though Eli did not seem to command his own people, yet the Lord commanded them for him until little Samuel rose to be a priest and a prophet in the service of the Lord. So it was with David when he was a boy. You know how it came to pass that he was sent for to superintend a momentous event. Who then would have imagined that David would be King of Israel, a great statesman and warrior and a man after God's own heart? And then, as you follow along down the line of David, you come to Him who was a little child, obedient to his parents, who grew in knowledge and in wisdom, and who became a sacrifice for you and for me, and for the whole world. Yea, when we were in our sins He manifested His love for us, and died upon the cross that you and I should be reconciled unto God, the Father. Oh that you may all embrace this delightful religion, which we all profess. It is to me a delight to see to-day so many in the way leading to Zion. Oh, that we may sincerely embrace the cross of the Saviour, and thereby

receive that delightful assurance that was vouchsafed to the penitent malefactor who hung alongside the Saviour when He died. "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Oh, how many of this dear school have gone up to glory, where they are to-day on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Let us cling unto the cross and not depart from it. Let us obey the commandments—that which says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and all the others—for if you depart from them, dear children, there is no knowing what your fate will be. Choose the narrow path and embrace the Saviour to-day that you may ultimately be made soldiers in the army of God, and be among those who shall gather around the great white throne, rejoicing in the love of the Saviour, and sit with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the redeemed at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Frank K. Hipple, Esq., the present superintendent, then arose and said:

Address by Frank K. Hipple, Esq.

In view of the exceedingly interesting addresses which you have heard this afternoon my remarks will be brief. The few words I have to say will not be addressed to these children (they hear my voice often); they will not be addressed to these friends who have gathered here to join us in our celebration (those friends have already heard words far more eloquent than any I could hope to use); but what I may say shall be addressed directly to our pastor. We have heard from his lips this afternoon words full of love, full of feeling; tender, touching words, which found an echo in our hearts; and now, as representing this school, I will say a few words that may reach his ear, and, as we trust, may reach his heart also.

(Turning towards Dr. Breed): In the name of the school, sir, I give you greeting; I wish you joy. With the cares and anxieties incident to the position which I hold, there are at all times mingled joys and pleasures. The communion and fellowship of these teachers, the loving regard of these scholars, the co-operation and association of the pastor, and the blessing of the Master all afford joy, pleasure, and rejoicing. But, sir, not among the

least of my pleasures as superintendent of these schools is that of representing, on this joyous occasion, these scholars, whose bright faces and brighter eyes shine upon their dear pastor from these pews, and, in doing so, to try to say what is in their hearts. It devolves upon me to utter their congratulations to you upon this, your *silver wedding;* but I confess words fail me I know not what to say. I know not how to say what we all feel. Our hearts are open to you. Look into them and see all the love they bear for you. For five and twenty years you have been these scholars' father, and they the children of your love and of your care. Now, on this Sabbath afternoon, this present generation, in behalf of themselves and those who preceded them, come here and lay in your hands the tribute of their affection. They say to you: "True we are small, but our hearts are large, and they are filled to their utmost capacity with affection for and devotion to you."

It is not an easy thing to secure the affection of the little ones. They intuitively know who love them and whom to love, and their instincts seldom mislead them.

But you, sir, have done this! Such love, such affection from the deepest depths of these young hearts is yours; yours inalienably!

In the Book of Proverbs we are told there are four things that be little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise: and to the ants, and the conies, and the locusts, and the spiders, I would add these children. They are little, but they are "exceeding wise." While some of our older heads questioned the advisability of presenting you with a testimonial this afternoon, the little ones took it out of our hands and manifested that "exceeding wisdom" by resolving to do it: and they have done it.

[The testimonial, consisting of complete sets of Macaulay's and Hawthorne's works (20 volumes), in half turkey binding, was here deposited upon the table in front of Dr. Breed by four boys, by whom it had been conveyed to the platform.]

Now, sir, in the name of these lambs of your fold, these who have grown up under your loving eye, and under your tender care, in the name of these children, and in their behalf, I present you with this modest expression of our love and of our affection for you. These books mean much more than we can say. They speak volumes of love. And if, in your hours of relaxation, when you

look at these pages, written by the grandson of a Presbyterian clergyman of good old Scotland, or at these other pages written in the "Old Manse" at Concord, with whose "mosses" you are familiar, you find one-half the pleasure that we have in presenting them to you, the gift will have been well worth our giving. As you scan those leaves may you ever read between the lines, written in "scarlet letters," that throb with the heart-blood of these your children, the one grand old Anglo-Saxon word "love"—love from them; love from all of us; love for you. From these hundreds of hearts, from their lowest depths, there wells up one common wish; from these hundreds of throats there arises one common prayer, that God may bless you and yours. May He grant to you many more happy and glorious years for your labors of love. May He reward your patience of hope with many soul-jewels for your crown of rejoicing. And when your work and our work is over, may you and we find rest and perfect peace in God's bright eternity of love.

Dr. Breed, whose voice evidently betrayed the emotion he could not wholly suppress, responded as follows:

Response by the Pastor.

I may not say that the expression of affection to which the lips of the superintendent have given utterance is to me a surprise (because we all know when we are loved and when we are not), but I do say to these dear children who have proffered this beautiful testimonial, one so appropriate and one which, in hours of relaxation, will be to me a source of great delight, and all the greater because of those from whom it comes,—I do say to them that the love of the young is one of the choicest of all gifts. I remember that when men hated Christ and were ready to crucify him, I remember that when all the world was turning against him, the children in the temple in their hearts were true to him and shouted, "Hosanna in the highest." Oh, I have no doubt that our blessed Saviour rejoices in the love of children with a heart full of delight; and for myself I can say that no more precious treasure do I enjoy than that of the affections of these young people. It is hard to speak upon such an occasion, and the simple difficulty

of speaking prevents my talking to you at further length. Your superintendent suggested to me that at the close of these services you should come up and let me take you by the hand, but I intimated to him that perhaps it would be better, in view of the impediments in the way of a convenient passage around this platform, if we should accomplish the same end in another way. Just let all of you, each for himself or herself, put one hand in the other and give that other a good hard squeeze, as hard as you can, and then you will not squeeze it half so hard as I should if I had hold of it.

The schools then united their voices in the following:

Hymn.

Holy Father! Thou hast taught us
We should live to Thee alone;
Year by year thy hand hath brought us
On through dangers oft unknown.
When we wandered, Thou hast found us
When we doubted, sent us light;
Still thine arm has been around us,
All our paths were in thy sight.

We would trust in thy protecting,
Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Thou our only guard from harm;
Keep us from our own undoing,
Help us turn to Thee when tried;
Still our footsteps, Father! viewing
Keep us ever at thy side.

Supt. Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake. (*Ps.* 115 : 1.)

School. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Jesus Christ throughout all ages, world without end. Amen. (*Eph.* 3 : 20, 21.)

Supt. To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ forever. Amen. (*Rom.* 16 : 27.)

All. Now unto God and our Father be glory forever and ever. Amen. (*Phil.* 4 : 20.)

The celebration of the afternoon was here concluded with the benediction by the pastor.

EVENING SERVICES.

8 O'CLOCK.

Opening Anthem,

"THE LORD IS LOVING UNTO EVERY MAN," - G. M. GARRETT.

Sermon,

BY REV. WILLIAM HENRY GREEN, D.D., LL.D.,

Of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Anthem,

"CALL TO REMEMBRANCE," - - - VINCENT NOVELLO

SERMON.

ROMANS 1 : 15–16.—"So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

IT required no small amount of courage in Paul to make such an avowal as this. He writes, as it would seem, from Corinth, not daunted by his encounter with the philosophers at Athens, who mocked at him and his message, and whose contemptuous greeting was, What will this babbler say? nor by the scorn with which Gallio, the Deputy of Achaia, drove both him and his accusers from the judgment-seat, caring for none of those things, and refusing to be a judge of such trifling matters; nor by the tumultuous fury which raged against him at Ephesus, in the zeal of the populace for their great goddess Diana. Paul had had abundant experience of the hostility, the ridicule, and the persecution which the doctrine of the cross encountered everywhere. And yet, well knowing what he said, he here declares his unhesitating readiness to preach the gospel alike to the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman, the three several populations which then divided between them the civilized world.

The Greek, who sought after wisdom, looked down with undisguised contempt upon the preachers of this new doctrine, coming as it did from a despised quarter, not based upon the tenets of any of the prevailing or accredited systems, not supported by the authority of great names recognized in the world of letters, nor accepted by such, not defended by eloquence or learning, not resting upon reason and argument, while controverting all accepted systems of belief. Should they turn their back upon Pythagoras and Plato, and all the famous teachers of antiquity and of the present age, and all the stores of wisdom gathered from sages of the East and of Egypt, and discard besides the religion of their fathers at the bidding of a few outlandish Jews? It was too pre-

posterous to be thought of; the case was not even one for serious consideration.

And all the more, as it was discredited by the body of the Jews themselves, among whom this doctrine, at once so unintelligible and so incredible, originated. It not only failed to enlist those Jews who held somewhat loosely to their ancestral faith and were disposed to accommodate the teachings of Moses to the prevailing Pagan taste and philosophy; but it was even more indignantly repelled by those who were thoroughly Jewish, who were most tenacious of their national faith and institutions. How could they accept as their long-promised and expected Messiah, the son of David and the King of Israel, a crucified Galilean, ignominiously executed as a felon; abandoning thus all their national hopes and expectations; consenting to the abolition of their splendid and venerable ritual, given by God to Moses; yielding up the prerogative, in which they gloried, of being the peculiar people of God, which had sustained them through long ages of oppression and dispersion, and which had the sanction of miracle and prophecy; allowing the kingdom of God to be taken from them, the children of Abraham, the friend of God, and given to Gentiles, whom they despised as dogs? And all for the sake of a Nazarene of no repute, whom the chief priests and rulers and Pharisees combined to condemn, and whose ignoble sect was everywhere spoken against!

And what was thus scorned by the Greek and rejected by the Jew met the stern resistance of the haughty Roman. What could be more ridiculous in his eyes than the pretensions of obscure adventurers from a remote and petty province, who, destitute of power, prestige, or numbers, without arms and without resources, aimed at the subjugation of the world; professed to be founding an empire mightier than that of the Cæsars, and destined to outlast the eternal city? Or if this frenzied sect grew into proportions to provoke attention, must they not be dealt with as disturbers of the public peace? Shall they be permitted to foment dissension; to overturn the established order; to slight or denounce the religion of the state and the recognized divinities; to come into open collision with the authorities, persuading men to worship God contrary to the law, and teaching customs which are not lawful for Romans to receive neither to observe?

Paul was thus braving universal contempt and scorn as well as positive maltreatment, the ridicule of the Greek, the hostility of the Jew, and the coercive power of the Roman State, when he stood for the defence or the proclamation of the gospel of Christ; and beneath all these varied forms of opposition, and lending vigor to them all, lay the native and inappeasable hostility of every human heart to doctrines so pure, so uncompromising, and so humbling. Yet, in the face of it all, he has the courage to say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

We admire the heroic manliness of the apostle in thus uttering his convictions without being deterred or intimidated by the mighty odds against him. But what is of much greater consequence than any personal tribute, we have in these words the testimony of a competent and impartial witness, uttered under circumstances which afford a sure guarantee of its truth. The statement of the text that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation finds an unimpeachable confirmation in the fact that Paul affirms it so to be. Paul was or claimed to be in possession of unquestionable supernatural evidence of the divine power of the gospel, in the miraculous facts attending his conversion, in the miraculous powers which had been granted to himself, and which he had freely exercised from that time onward, and in the miraculous endowments likewise possessed by others, who were associated with him in the preaching of the gospel. These facts were open and palpable, and subject to the test of the senses in every possible manner. He could be under no delusion or mistake. He must have known beyond the possibility of a doubt, whether the gospel was or was not attended with divine and supernatural power, as he declared it to be.

He further claimed to have evidence beyond this of outward sense; to have inward personal experience of the divine power of the gospel unto salvation in the spiritual change which it had wrought upon himself, in the renewal and transformation of his nature and his whole inner life. And that this was no empty profession is apparent from his entire history. His whole course, subsequent to that bright revelation at Damascus, was the complete reversal of what it had been before. The proud, self-righteous, self-seeking Pharisee became the humble, penitent, self-denying

follower of the Nazarene; and the manifold and unremitting labors of his life were given with a zeal that never flagged to build up the faith which once he destroyed.

His perfect sincerity in all this is transparent. His language and life are those of a man thoroughly honest and in earnest. This stands conspicuously out in every word he utters and every action that is recorded of him. No man can read his epistles or trace his career, however superficially, without being impressed by this. Paul was all aglow with the earnestness of his convictions, which laid every energy of his nature under contribution. He set at naught every consideration of selfish interest or ambition, of personal ease or comfort, of power, rank, wealth, or good name. He unshrinkingly encountered opposition, obloquy, the loss of every earthly prospect and possession; and all for what? for no worldly reason that can be named; for a reward in heaven to be given him by the Searcher of hearts, to whom he made his daily appeal. Every purely temporal consideration would have determined him never to link himself with the maligned and persecuted followers of the Lord Jesus. Every worldly motive would have urged him to abandon so desperate a cause as speedily as possible. He had the strongest inducements at every step of his course to expose the delusion and break away from it, if it was one. And no man ever had a fairer opportunity to know the gospel thoroughly and without disguise than he had. That under these circumstances such a man as Paul affirms the gospel to be the power of God unto salvation, is proof which cannot be intelligently gainsaid that it is what he says.

The world has not meanwhile stood still, and the gospel of Christ has not been hidden in a corner. It has drawn to itself alike the gaze of friends and foes. It can no longer be set aside as an ephemeral novelty not worth regarding. If despised or opposed now, it must be for some other reason than the recent obscurity of its origin or the feebleness and inconsiderable number of its adherents. The gospel has a recognized position in the world and a history which is known and read of all men. It is one of the forces in human affairs whose potency is everywhere confessed. No one now questions that the gospel of Christ is a power. The humble teacher of Nazareth has set a force in operation which has revolutionized opinion, shaped the policy of em-

pires, impressed itself upon the laws and institutions of powerful states. It represents an authority to which millions bow with profound reverence. It has introduced new and influential ideas amongst men. It has overthrown huge systems of superstition and falsehood. It has broken the chains of the oppressed and has mitigated or removed moral and social evils. It has stimulated free thought and free inquiry. It has contributed to the increase and diffusion of intelligence. It has scattered its benefits broadcast not only over them that believe, but over all that come within the reach of its influence, so that its very opposers own their indebtedness to it by stocking their armory with weapons which it has supplied them, and make their assaults upon it from a vantage-ground upon which it has placed them. If the adversaries of revealed religion were limited to such methods of attack as paganism, ancient or modern, can suggest, they would indeed have but little that is formidable about them.

Men do homage to power, and they reverence the gospel for the power which they are compelled to acknowledge that it possesses, which they are further constrained to admit is a power for good. They confess its purity and beneficence. They laud the excellence of its moral precepts. They will go to almost any length in estimating the benefits which it has conferred upon the world. But they are no more ready now than they were in the days of Paul to acknowledge that it is the power of God in any special or supernatural sense, much less that it is the power of God unto salvation; that upon its acceptance or rejection hinges for all men the question of salvation or perdition; that it is accordingly absolutely essential and indispensable. Yet this is what it is.

And that it is so further appears from the elements which constitute it. The gospel of Christ is a scheme for effectually reconciling God and man. This naturally suggests its division into: 1, its doctrine concerning man; 2, its doctrine concerning God; 3, its doctrine concerning the reconciliation of God and man. Each of these will reveal it to be the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The theme before us is the gospel, not in the instruction which it imparts, its capacity to enlighten, guide, and give proper direction to the mind and heart and faculties of man; nor in the vastness and variety of its motives and the unrivalled stimulus which they afford, leading to the putting forth of effort

and the vigorous employment of all the powers which man possesses; but in the new and positive accession of strength which it brings and the achieving of results which man, unaided from above, never could have attained. And the first element of this power we may find in the gospel doctrine concerning man. It teaches man what he is and what he may become, and thus lifts him into the possession of powers and faculties to which he was previously a stranger, giving him the use and mastery of forces which may be said to have had a potential existence before, but whose energy could never otherwise have been evoked. The word of the gospel is not simple instruction. It is a word of power, a formative word. It makes man what it declares him to be. It brings him to the conscious possession and active employment of powers and energies which else would have slumbered unknown and unused, and to any practical and valuable purpose non-existent. The savage tribes which once roamed over this continent never possessed it. They wandered through its mighty forests, trod upon its virgin soil teeming with productive power, passed and repassed over its inexhaustible stores of coal and its rich veins of precious ore, gazed at its waterfalls, skimmed the surface of its navigable waters with their bark canoes, but had no inkling of the vast resources which nature had prodigally lavished everywhere around them, and they never actually developed them. They may have handled lumps of coal, but they could not unlock the power latent there which, converted into steam-pressure, is driving the machinery in ten thousand manufactories and propelling its swift-wheeled trains along every avenue of trade and travel. Gold and silver ore may have served them for ornaments and gewgaws, but it yielded none of the power of money and accumulated wealth, that mighty spring which sets all the complicated machinery of modern life in motion. It is thus that each advance in civilization, all the progress made in science and the arts, has been putting fresh power in men's hands. It has not merely communicated knowledge to inform the mind; it has not merely set forth additional objects of desire to stimulate and waken effort; it has imparted power to achieve results which no hand or arm of untutored man with his rude implements could ever accomplish. Thus the power which God has bountifully stored up in the world is placed at man's disposal and converted to his use.

What science thus achieves with regard to the natural forces of the world, God's revelation accomplishes in respect of spiritual power. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth in its disclosures respecting man, bringing out into conscious existence and exercise what was latent and inactive before. This might be insisted on in regard to the whole round of gospel teaching respecting man, his nature, condition, and relations.

Reference shall be made to but one point, the immortality of man, the eternal life which is his inheritance, as revealed in the gospel. What new dignity and greatness, what unimagined enlargement of soul does it bring to every one that believeth! Not that it was altogether unknown or unsuspected before that the existence of man was prolonged beyond the present life. But the philosophical disputations of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, the shadowy future of the Greek and Roman religions, the retribution expected by the Egyptian, and the transmigration and final absorption into the infinite credited by the Oriental, still leave the eternal life of the gospel unique and unanticipated. It even outdoes all the glimpses and intimations of the Old Testament revelation. This belonged to the prophetic teaching of Christ and the preparation for his gospel, as the morning twilight and the reddened dawn proceed from the sun below the horizon. But this twilight is greatly inferior in distinctness and power to the blaze of day. Suspended animation only then bursts into fulness of life when the sun appears.

It was a wholly new idea that the true life was the life with God; that the future was the thing to be desired and longed for and struggled after; that present afflictions and labors were light and momentary compared with the unending glory, and were even to be welcomed as enhancing it; that an unfading crown was just at hand, and was the prize to be sought above all things else. A new value attached to human life when it came to be estimated, not as containing in itself the end to be aimed at, the sum and total of human possibilities, but as the starting-point, the hinge of everlasting issues. This lifts man into a totally different sphere, and makes of him quite another being, not the mere child of earth with a prospect of threescore years and ten, but with an illimitable future opening before him and with capacities and activities worthy

of such a destiny. That conception of man, which, confounding the outer shell with the inner life, links him with the lower animals and regards him as a mere animal of a somewhat higher type, actually degrades him into that which it represents him to be. It takes from him every object upon which his powers can be worthily employed and every opportunity for their legitimate exercise. Thus dealt with, he is like a tree of the forest planted in a flower-pot, cramped and hemmed in, with no room for expansion, his life hopelessly stunted, if not absolutely stifled. He is incessantly forming plans which outreach the limits to which he is doomed; his budding hopes are blasted one by one; he can send down no depth of root to sustain him when the chilling blasts of calamity sweep over him. He must have an open field to attain an expanding vigorous life. The doctrine of immortality gives men something worth living for, something that deserves the noblest exertion of all their faculties. It evokes every dormant power. It raises man immeasurably in the scale of being. The gospel which reveals it is the power of God; and it is the power of God unto salvation. For eternal life is not mere continued existence. It is a pure, holy, ideal life, and it is necessarily formative of character from the conditions of attaining it, from the need of conformity to it in order to enjoy it, and from the educating effect of having it before the mind. He that hath this hope in him purifieth himself.

Consider again the power that there is in the gospel doctrine concerning God, which stands in absolute contrast with the impotency of paganism on the one hand and of materialism on the other. It is not merely that the gospel instructs and enlightens the mind on this most important of all subjects. But the knowledge of God which it imparts is eternal life. It is vital, transforming, energizing. And it is not merely that there is a stimulus of incalculable power to all that is right and good from this disclosure of the holy nature of God in its innate attractiveness, in the desire which it enkindles for His approbation, in the dread of His displeasure. But there is besides the direct effect produced on the soul by devout, believing intercourse with God, by intimate and personal communion with Him. There is the quickening, life-giving contact with Him who is infinite and infinitely perfect, and who infuses His own divine strength into them that trust in Him.

He who believes the gospel is thereby privileged to walk with God; he is lifted into companionship with the Most High. What a power there is in association with the wise and good and great of the earth? How it elevates and expands the soul, enlarges its conceptions, places new possibilities within its reach, leads to attainments never dreamed of before? And what is it to have God for a friend, guiding our thoughts, instilling His sacred influence, pouring into us His own life! How mightily shall we be wrought upon by every object that surrounds us and every event that befalls us, if we really meet with God at every turn, see Him in all things, are dealing with Him every day and every hour, subject ourselves to His training and loving discipline, and from the ability which He imparts learn to do and learn to bear. What an enfeebling, deadening contrast is offered by that speculative philosophy or that practical unbelief which empties the world of Him who made it, and leaves only the contact with chance or fate, with what is lifeless and meaningless, and leaves the soul as torpid as it found it! The gospel is here again the power of God unto salvation.

See once more the power that there is in the gospel doctrine of the reconciliation of God and man. This implies that they were at variance; hopelessly so, so far as man himself is concerned, and that they can be brought into harmonious union in this way alone. This ruin of man and alienation from God, the gospel discloses but does not produce. It exists independently of the gospel wherever man is found; only without the gospel there is no cure for it. It is not removed by denying or refusing to confess its reality. The stubborn fact is not set aside because men shrink from looking it in the face. No form of false religion can heal our disordered nature; no human training or culture; no good resolutions or efforts; no penances or self-inflictions, and no rites of expiation or ablution. The one only and effectual remedy is the gospel of Christ. In Christ's atoning work it has provided an ample satisfaction to the broken law and the offended justice of God. The infinite merit of this divine substitute secures pardon and peace with God, deliverance from guilt and from the everlasting consequences of sin, and gives a solid title to the favor of God and eternal life. And the renewing and sanctifying energy of the Holy Ghost transforms the soul into the very image and likeness

of God, confers inward holiness, and makes the man meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

This gospel doctrine is not mere instruction as to a method by which men can attain salvation. It not merely enlightens their darkness, it is life from the dead. It actually imparts what it reveals. It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

But may this not be only a splendid illusion after all? It has the power over the mind and heart of grand ideas, of a magnificent conception. It holds out the most enchanting prospects; it is precisely adapted to human wants; it meets every craving of the soul; it solves that pressing, but, as it would seem, insoluble problem, How can the sinner be saved from sin and from wrath? It is a scheme at once most ample and minute, which offers a supply for every individual need, and which surpasses imagination itself in the largeness of its bountiful provision, which proposes to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think. But is it real? is it solid fact? Can we commit ourselves to it in the unshaken confidence that it can accomplish all that it proposes? Is it the veritable power of God? or is the only power that it possesses that which it exerts upon the imagination and the soul of man? Every instinct of our moral nature cries out that what is so true and so good, so worthy of God, so suited to the necessities of man must be true. Still the ultimate and decisive proof that the gospel is the power of God is to be drawn, not from the mere inspection of the gospel itself, but from seeing it in operation. Power produces effects, and the reality and amount of the power is shown by exhibiting these effects. It is all very well to study the construction of an engine, to observe the adjustment of its parts and learn the theory of its working, but the conclusive test is the practical one. What does it actually do? Is the gospel not merely a system of fine ideas, but is it mighty through God to accomplish results? Is it the power of God unto salvation? This is the question which speculative opposers force home upon us, and which the practical unbeliever needs to feel to rouse him to embrace its blessed provisions.

It will not be sufficient for us here to make our appeal exclusively to the past, to the supernatural evidence which attended the original communication of the gospel, those miraculous works

which gave divine attestation to the truth that Jesus was indeed the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Nor will it be sufficient to make our appeal to the future, to the vindication at the bar of God and the endless glory there adjudged, that blessed hope of the gospel, armed with which the believer triumphs over death and can calmly meet the last of foes confident of victory.

The point before us is not merely that the gospel was the power of God many centuries ago; nor that it will be the power of God in the unseen hereafter. Skeptical misgiving might plead in regard to the former the dim obscurity which overhangs remote ages; and in regard to the latter that the future is beyond the reach of human sense. But the declaration of the text remains unchanged. The gospel *is* the power of God unto salvation. It is so now, as truly as it was when these words were originally penned. And the experience of its power to save in your own case is the only thing that can give you that thorough persuasion of the truth of the gospel, that firm adherence to it in the face of all opposition and that intense earnestness in its defence and propagation, which so characterized the apostle Paul.

This inward personal experience of the salvation of the gospel is the only thing which can make you a partaker of its present and everlasting benefits. Great as are the temporal advantages which the possession of the gospel has brought you, you fail to secure what is most essential to yourself, and what is the real end for which it was given you unless you gain a practical acquaintance with its saving power. Believing it, you shall find it the power of God unto salvation to yourself.

And if you have in truth embraced the gospel and experienced its healing efficacy, you still have need to apply to it afresh. You are still compassed with infirmities; you have your daily sins, and temptations, and tasks, and difficulties, and doubts, and fears. Here is precisely the help that you require. Dip yourself not once, but like Naaman seven times in the Jordan. You have not yet learned all that the gospel can accomplish on your behalf, nor experienced its full power to save. There is more efficacy in it, and more adaptation to your ever-pressing necessities than you have ever felt or imagined.

And as it is by faith in the gospel and in that blessed Saviour who is himself the sum and substance of it that you come into the

experience of its divine power to save, so again this experience of its saving power will lend new confirmation to your faith. This practical acquaintance with the power of the gospel upon your own heart is the surest defence against the assaults of skepticism and infidelity. The most unanswerable of all arguments is that of the blind man, whom Jesus had restored to sight, "Why herein is a marvellous thing, that ye know not from whence he is, and yet he hath opened mine eyes!" He is most surely entrenched against all subtleties of opposition, who has found Jesus to be in his own case a divine Saviour.

This church celebrates to-day the completion of a quarter of a century, during which the gospel has been faithfully preached among you. You have seen what it has accomplished here. You are witnesses of its power to elevate, to purify, and bless. The record of these years adds its testimony to that of all the ages that have passed since the first proclamation of this word of heavenly truth. It has reclaimed transgressors. It has planted the seeds of holiness in the uncongenial soil of human hearts and has warmed them into a vigorous growth. It has refined and ennobled character. It has fed the life of many an humble child of God. It has shed its fragrance over many homes, which it has made happy. It has stimulated to generous deeds of beneficence, to unselfish labors for the good of others, from whom no return is sought or expected. It has given cheerfulness in adversity, resignation under affliction, triumph in the hour of death.

Encouraged by these tokens of the manifest power of the gospel amongst you in the past, you uplift your banner to-day thankfully saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And you enter upon the new period in the life of this church, which now opens before you, confiding in the gospel in which you have trusted hitherto. This gospel you are to hold up before men in its purity, preciousness, and power; not merely affirming that it is the power of God, but showing it to be so by being yourselves living epistles of the Holy Ghost that may be known and read of all; making that conviction of the saving energy of the gospel, which it has produced in you, appear to others for their conviction and salvation; manifesting it to be in its effect upon you what it truly is, and proving by its practical working in your own case its adaptation to every human need. Thus shall you be preaching the gospel to all around

you in the most effective manner, convinced that it is for all men, as it has been for you, life and salvation; and that even they who are now indifferent and care for none of these things, and they who deride and oppose the gospel and in their blind unbelief reason, as they suppose, conclusively against it, are nevertheless in the deepest need of this very gospel which they despise and reject; a need of which they may now be unconscious, but which, nevertheless, exists and is patent to you, and may by God's grace, and the demonstration of his Spirit accompanying the faithful exhibition of his truth, be shown to them and awakened in them, so that they shall be brought to crave just what you bring them and to be sensible of wants which this can satisfy and this alone; and thus they, too, shall be brought to believe and be saved. And in this way you will learn never to distrust the power of the gospel, but to possess the readiness, which the apostle expresses in the text, as much as in you is, to make the gospel known to men of every race and of every grade, and never abandon hope in regard to any living man, however hopeless his case may be to human view, for the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Monday Evening Exercises.

WEDDING MARCH,

Mr. Frederick T. Baker, Organist of the Church.

ANTHEM.—"O Lord, our Governor," . . . . . *Gadsby.*

PRAYER,

Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

Gustavus S. Benson, Esq., President of Board of Trustees.

ANTHEM.—"The Lord is Great," . . . . . *Righini.*

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL TO THE PASTOR,

George Junkin, Esq.

RESPONSE BY THE PASTOR,

Rev. William P. Breed, D.D.

"GLORIA," . . . . . *Mozart.*

ADDRESS BY THE PASTOR OF THE PARENT CHURCH,

Rev. John De Witt, D.D., Tenth Presbyterian Church.

ADDRESS FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,

Rev. J. Addison Henry, D.D.

"HALLELUJAH CHORUS," . . . . . *Handel.*

ADDRESSES,

William Allen Butler, LL.D., New York,

Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D., Arch Street M. E. Church,

Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., Memorial Baptist Church.

HYMN.—By the Choir and Audience.

DOXOLOGY.—By the Choir and Audience.

RECEPTION BY THE PASTOR.

MONDAY EVENING EXERCISES.

Upon the extended platform, in front of the pulpit, were seated the officers of the church (its elders, deacons, and trustees), the orators of the occasion and invited guests, among whom were the Presbytery of Philadelphia, and the Session of the parent church.

The music of the evening was artistically rendered by the choir of St. James Church, led by Professor Giles, whose efficient services and those of the choir were kindly volunteered.

At the appointed hour Dr. Breed arrived at the church, under the escort of a committee appointed to attend him from his residence to the church, which consisted of Messrs. John D. McCord, Henry D. Sherrerd, Isaac S. Sharp, Frank K. Hipple, and Doctors Albert Heyl and Hilburn West. The joyous notes of the "Wedding March" pealed forth from the organ as the honored pastor was accompanied to the seat assigned him on the platform.

The meeting was then called to order by Gustavus S. Benson, Esq., President of the Board of Trustees, who presided.

The anthem, "O Lord, our Governor" (Gadsby), was sung with fine effect, and then Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D., of Calvary Church, addressed the throne of grace in the following

Prayer.

Oh, Lord! Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth; before thou hadst formed the earth, from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Our lives, O God, are in thy hands, and in thy hands we would wish them ever to be; for thou art God thyself alone, and away from thee there is no safety. We adore and bless thee as God over all and blessed forever more. We adore and bless and praise thy wondrous name for all the glorious works of thy hands. Above all else do we lift our hearts in gratitude and joy

to-night for the wonderful plan of redemption thou hast wrought out through Jesus Christ, thy Son, our Saviour.

Lord, we bless thee that thou didst in the beginnings of the sins of men reveal to them a gracious Saviour. We bless thee that in the beginnings of the world thou didst establish thy church. We thank thee that thou didst call the faithful to thyself and bestow upon them grace and blessing. We thank thee, Oh God! that thou didst fill the hearts of thy chosen ones with the joys of many promises. We bless and praise thee that thou didst keep thy waiting church, and fill it with hope and expectation. We bless thee that in the fulness of time Christ came.

Lord, we bless thee that He hath laid so firmly and fixedly and eternally the foundations of the church in Himself. We thank thee that this goodly temple, in which we dwell and of which we are living stones, hath the apostles and prophets for its foundation. And, above all, we bless thee that it hath for its chief corner-stone Jesus Christ himself. We bless thee for the assurance that this temple shall grow, fitly framed together, into a glorious temple for thy praise and for our everlasting abiding-place. We bless thee, Oh God! for all thy mercies shown to this church universal. We thank thee for the fathers and for the reformers. We thank thee for the martyrs and for all the examples of the past. We bless thee that the gates of hell have not prevailed against thy church. We bless, thee, oh, God! for thy goodness to the whole household of faith; and to-night, in our own joys and in our own blessings and promises and gifts, we desire to reach out our hands in sympathy and in love to all who love the Lord Jesus. Oh, fill us with the spirit of catholic charity, and may the whole world, through the instrumentalities thou hast appointed, by the ministry of men, through the power of the Spirit, come unto thee according to thy wish.

We bless thee for thy goodness to the church with which we are most intimately connected. We thank thee, Lord, for the memories of the past, for the men that are gone. We thank thee for all the history that is so precious, for all the saints who have been so full of power and have gone to glory. We thank thee, Oh God, that thou art granting unto us as a church so many assurances and so many blessings. We bless thee for thy goodness to this particular church. Lord, we thank thee that this vine of

thy planting hath had such good growth. We thank thee that it hath grown to thy praise and honor and glory. We thank thee for all that this Christian household hath been, for these many years, to those who have enjoyed it and shared its privileges. We thank thee for the memory of their own dead. We thank thee for all that is blessed in their history. We thank thee for all that there is in their present position that is hopeful. God, our Father, we bless thee for thy goodness to thy servant, the pastor of this church. We thank thee that thou hast spared his life; that thou hast filled him with labor; that thou hast given him many blessings; that thou hast given him the joy of many crowns, the crowns of those whom he hath led to Christ, and the crown of gratitude of the people to whom he has ministered. We thank thee to-night that thou art willing to put upon his head this crown of which he is worthy, this symbol of the service of a quarter of a century. The Lord bless him and keep him, and make His face to shine upon him and be gracious unto him and give him peace. May he and his people take hands more warmly, and gain great strength in the service of this night and of yesterday that shall abide with them many years. Water them with the dews of thy grace. When thy servant hath finished his labors, give him entrance into his reward, and may he have that blessing, which is above all other blessings, that crown that is brighter than all other crowns, and the joy that excelleth all other joys of meeting in thine own presence at last those whom he hath led by the spirit of thy grace.

And now the Lord grant us his blessing. Give us grace to enjoy and grace to share one another's joy; and at last, O Lord, bring us with thy glorious church, and with thy ransomed and redeemed ones, to an eternal rest and reward; and the glory and the praise shall be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, world without end. Amen.

Introductory Remarks by Gustavus S. Benson, Esq.

Mr. Benson (the Chairman) briefly addressed the audience as follows:

I have been requested, in a very few words, to tell you why it is that we have gathered together. No elaborate explanation is needed, for the cause of this meeting is before you in letters of

living fire (indicating the words formed by gas jets overhead): "1856–1881—*Our first and only pastor.*" You are therefore here to-night to celebrate the silver wedding of the pastor to the pastorate of your church.

When we called to mind that this day was approaching, the Session of this church very properly prepared the church for a service on Sabbath day, the 3d of April, to commemorate a remarkable coincidence. Twenty-five years ago, thirty-four persons were organized by our Presbytery into the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, at a meeting in the lecture-room of Dr. Boardman's church, and twenty-eight of those persons were at that time present. At the same meeting this newly organized church called the Rev. Dr. William P. Breed to be its pastor, so that the first day of the life of the church and the first day of his pastorate were the same. In talking of this approaching event among the congregation we found that our people had made up their minds to have something to do in the way of a celebration of it. The Board of Trustees accordingly held a meeting, at which fifteen members were present, when, without a dissenting voice, it was determined to hold a congregational meeting to decide upon what measures should be taken to celebrate the remarkable occasion. This was done, and the meeting which followed, with entire unanimity, and, moved by a spontaneous and all-pervading impulse of affection for their pastor, determined to carry out the plans then projected. As the result of the execution of those plans we behold this great assembly, this ornamented church, these speakers and these services which are intended to honor this day.

That which impresses us in all this is the fact that there must be some moving principle in it all, that there must be something not apparent which has stirred up these people, as with one heart, to come forward and show their love and affection for their pastor. Himself of a loving and sympathetic nature, the most ardent desire of his soul to save souls, he has brought into this church, since he has been the pastor of it, some six hundred people, whose conversion under God has been brought about through his instrumentality. His example has made this a working church. The names of those of its members who have worked the hardest in their own church appear upon the rolls of managers of our benevolent societies, of

our hospitals, of the boards of our church. Indeed, I might almost say that wherever in this city good works are to be done, there you will find the names of the members of this church.

He has made this people a liberal people. It is said of the celebrated Dr. Adam Clark, a great Methodist commentator, one of the most learned men of his day, that when one of his congregation came to his study and told him with great glee a certain man, noted alike for his wealth and his parsimony, had been converted, the doctor very quietly turned around and asked, "Have you converted his purse?" Knowing the man, as he did, and having little confidence in the genuineness of the professions of one whose illiberality was proverbial, the doctor believed that the surest test of such a man's conversion was the one which involved a tax upon his purse. But in the present instance, our pastor is one of whom I may safely say that, in making conversions of his people, he has converted their purses. No church other than this responds more quickly to any appeal that is made to them for benevolent or religious purposes; and the records of the General Assembly will show that in point of liberality, considered with respect to its proportionate size and wealth, this church has not been behind any of our sister churches.

He has made this a loving church. Perhaps, in a larger degree than is generally the case in a city church, this church is like one great Christian family. The attachment of its people to their church and to their pastor is so pronounced as to be remarkable; and I was never more impressed with this fact than when, in the preparations for what I may call this family celebration, the entire unanimity and enthusiasm of the church gave evidence of the love of its people for their pastor and of their love for one another.

In view of the many exercises to follow, I will not detain you further. My object was merely to tell you why we are gathered here together, why this large assembly has been convoked, and why the members of this church are to-night such a happy people; and I will now only add that we say to you who are not members of this church, "We give you a most cordial and a most hearty welcome to this, our love-feast."

The anthem, "The Lord is Great" (Righini), was rendered by the choir and followed by the

Presentation of Testimonial to the Pastor.

George Junkin, Esq., who had been deputed to perform this duty, said:

We commemorate the formation of this Christian church and its first and only pastorate.

Twenty-five years have glided swiftly by since these both had their being. And now, on the summit of this height of progress, we stand, as upon the top of some towering hill, and turn, and look back over the way the Lord has led us.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed us during all these years. And, whilst we have cause to regret that our progress and success have not been as great as our opportunities, yet, in the retrospect, we have reason to thank God, that so much has here been accomplished in His name and by His power.

We look back across this wide sea of twenty-five years, and cannot fail to discern His form ever near us, Whose voice alone has stilled the waves of human commotion and strife, and made our voyage as calm as was the sea of Gennesaret when He said, "Peace—Be still."

How small was the little company of thirty-four noble men, and no less noble women, who gathered together and went forth from their old church home to build a house for themselves. It was hard thus to sunder ties, whose tendrils had been the growth of years, and to leave the sacred communion table, where many had first confessed, and to hear no more the words of him, who, for so long a period, had been the Pastor of their early choice, and a Prince among the ministers of the glorious gospel. But, urged on by his tender, yet commanding voice, and heeding the higher call of duty to Him, Whose they were and Whom they served, they went forth; and here, on this spot, where we now stand, they laid the foundation of a Church of Christ, which will be their monument until the end of time.

Two of these are still of us, thank God; and some, although called to other locations, have felt the drawings of their early love, bringing them back here to-night, to mingle their rejoicings with ours upon this commemorative day. We give them most hearty welcome. And may it be long before the survivors of this original band exchange the cross for the crown.

But, as I gaze back, I seem to miss the forms of many who were here when this first Pastor was called, and this church began its existence. Is it the mist that grows out of the lengthening vista of years, or the dewyness of tears, which hides them from my eyes? In the dimness I think I see the silver-haired Mercer, the classic brow and head of Hart, the noble, generous-hearted Patterson, the sage Vogdes, the skilful Miller, and many more whose forms were so familiar and so loved.

Ah! I dream. They all are not, for God has taken them. Some, like them of old, were translated. And while we cannot but gaze wistfully after them, and almost mourn that we see them no more, yet we must not, we should not, when we remember how well they wrought out their life's work, and especially when we remember, how they labored here, and with what glorious results.

But sad memory makes me linger too long over the early reminiscences that crowd upon the mind. Let us hasten on.

Organized twenty-five years ago with so small a number, this Church has steadily grown and gone forward. It is not needful that I should here give its statistics. These have already been furnished by our Pastor in his usual careful way. All the ordinary services of a working church have been kept up with unflagging interest. The lecture and weekly prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school with all its usual concomitants, the Dorcas and Missionary societies, and the social receptions, all have held their places in the hearts and affections of this people. Year after year the various Boards of our beloved Church have been generously remembered; and whilst our whole duty has not been done, before men, we have no cause to be ashamed.

Almost twenty-five years have gone since on May 18th, 1856, the first religious service was held in yonder beautiful and homelike Lecture-room, and the first gathering of the children and youth in the large and commodious Sabbath-school room in the second story.

More than twenty-four years have glided by, since this splendid House of God was dedicated to the service of the Most High.

And justly are we satisfied in these most comfortable and elegant church homes. Here have the solemn services of the sanctuary been statedly and unremittedly held during these years. In all their appointments they are complete. The graceful spire lifts

its head nearest to the sky of all the edifices of any kind in this great city. This blue-vaulted ceiling and these graceful arches are unique and a joy to look upon. These pews are the most delightful and comfortable of any in any church, here or elsewhere. And its grand organ, first touched by the skilful hand of my dear friend and that gifted musical genius, John E. Gould, and mellowed by twenty years' service, is unexcelled for quality and sweetness and richness of tone, by any similar instrument, in this or in foreign lands that I have been privileged to hear; and I have sat enchanted at Fribourg, Geneva, and Lucerne.

And better than all this, upon this splendid Sanctuary, with all its accompaniments, there exists no debt. No ground rent is beneath this church and lecture-room, with its gnawing and ever-recurring instalments to swallow up this splendid superstructure; and no mortgage, like a wet blanket, rests upon this vaulted roof, to muffle the organ's sweet tones, and stifle out the Christian life that here grows hard by the oracle of God.

This Christian congregation has given all this cheerfully, gladly, and with grateful hearts, and they have held back nothing of all its cost from Him, Whose they are and Whom they serve. From pinnacle to foundation stone all is His.

Nor have we been prospered merely in temporal affairs. If this were all in which we had been blest, then the results would scarcely equal the outlay of labor and money. But in spiritual matters God has indeed been in our midst. Year by year the Gospel has been here faithfully proclaimed, and saints have been built up, and many souls have been saved. Scarce a communion service has been held when converts have not come, and on more than one occasion this aisle has been filled with many, who, for the first time acknowledged Christ before men. And, when I look over the congregation, I see more than one household, all of whose members have been brought into the church, so that they became bound to each other, not only by the bonds of earthly and human affection, but by the stronger cords woven of Christian love, whose strands will outlast the tension of every earthly trial.

It were a pleasing duty to recount all the experiences of our Christian home-life here during the past quarter of a century. How the sweet memories of the loved ones who have been with us and are not, crowd upon the thoughts! But I cannot trust myself,

nor will I tread upon this too sacred ground in such a large and public assembly. Joy, and peace, and love, have here been, with them and us, our constant guests. And, so far as I can now remember, we have no cause to mourn over any one who has ever been a member of, or a worshipper in, this Christian household, as a prodigal or a lost one.

In one respect our history has been most remarkable. In our Session, our Board of Deacons, our Board of Trustees, our Congregational meetings, our Bible classes, our Dorcas Society, our Missionary Society, our Sabbath-school, our Sabbath-school Association, our Sewing School, our Choir (and it has always been a voluntary one), and in our whole congregation we have never had a division, a quarrel, a discord, a strife, a scandal, a divided vote, a sense of alienation! The current of our whole life has flowed on like a river, unbroken by a storm, and unchecked by an obstruction.

God's peace has been upon us. "My peace I leave with you." How truly have these words of our dear Master been fulfilled in our experience during all the weeks, and months, and years of this quarter of a century!

And to what shall we attribute this blessed experience? Not to us, who have composed this church, in the various departments of church work and organization to which I have alluded. The weaknesses of poor human nature have existed among us, just as everywhere; and some of us are about as good specimens of crooked humanity as exist!

Why, then, this blessed experience of unbroken harmony?

I will tell you. Under God, it is due to him to whom the Prince of Peace from the first committed the care of this flock. His lovely, unselfish, self-sacrificing, tender, Christly spirit, with its indescribable, yet subtile and controlling influence, has pervaded all this people. Unconsciously to ourselves, his has been the almost unseen and unnoticed hand which, with its magic and unfelt power, has guided all these elements of our natures, so that the entire Psalm of Life which this Congregation has been singing down these years, has been a harmony, and not a crashing discord.

I am not here as a eulogist. But still, I cannot forbear to say—that in all the qualities that constitute a faithful Shepherd and Bishop of the Flock of Christ, our Pastor, The Rev. William Pratt

Breed, if not peerless, is the peer of any and all; and he has done his whole duty to the charge committed to his care.

The gospel he has proclaimed, has been no newfangled invention of his own, or of any other human brain. It has been "the old, old story of Jesus and his love."

Sabbath after Sabbath, Wednesday after Wednesday, Friday after Friday, in season and out of season, has he come to us in the fulness of the preparation of the gospel of peace! And while he has held fast to the old landmarks, and stood firm upon the fundamental principles of truth as the Presbyterian Church understands them, yet has he ever kept fully abreast with all the recent investigations of science and all its discoveries. He has been and is familiar with every art of modern infidelity, and has championed the truth against all the assaults of recent atheism, deism, evolution, and other kindred errors. History has yielded to him its treasures, Art has been his spoil, Literature has paid him tribute, and, to-day, his panoply for service in the Christian warfare is as complete as that of any of whom we have knowledge.

How seldom, in these modern days, does a Pastorate reach the limits of a quarter of a century! Yet here we see one, whose happy existence we this night hail with unmingled joy.

May it long continue! And as the years of its life go on and down to the horizon, may the setting be more quiet, peaceful, loving, and glorious than even its rising has been!

It were strange, if with such a church history and experience, and with such a Pastor, and with such a Pastorate, the people of this congregation should not be filled with thanksgiving and gratitude. To God first, and always, and ever, world without end! Amen and Amen!

And it had been passing strange, had they failed to recognize the debt of gratitude which they owe to the Dear Pastor of this flock. Nor have they.

They love the whole Presbyterian family throughout the world, and they have but recently shown this love by their works, in the glad welcome they gave to the representatives of that Church as they came here from every clime and nation. They love our own Presbyterian Church, as it stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the frozen North to the Great Gulf, as they

have, year by year, been showing by their devotion to all its varied interests.

They love "the Church that is in Philadelphia," as their uniform kind intercourse and relations with all its various membership fully attest.

But, above all these, they love this, their own dear home, and you, sir, their own Dear Pastor.

You have been with us in all the various vicissitudes of our lives for a quarter of a century. Many of us,—oh, how many!—you have been the instrument in God's hand in bringing to the Cross of Christ, and to a public confession of faith in Him. In a number of instances it has been your joy and crown to see seated at His table every member of the household. You have here, and in our homes, joined us and our children in the holy bonds of matrimony. Many of these have been by you baptized into the name of Christ. And some of these dear lambs of our flocks, you have gone with us to "God's acre," to lay them away until the Resurrection Day, sleeping sweetly with Jesus in the consecrated grave. The fathers and mothers of many of us,—ah, how many!—have you, also with us, buried out of our sight, until we awake with them in the likeness of Christ, satisfied. In all of our homes, in joy and sorrow, in our social gatherings and in our more public assemblings, you have ever been to us, to all of us, our companion, our guide, our counsellor, our sympathizing friend, our Christain brother and father, the anointed of God to do us service. And how willingly, cheerfully, patiently, unselfishly, none but we and God can ever know. May He reward you abundantly for all your work and labor of love.

For all these years thus devoted to your Master's service and ours, this people desire to make you some slight testimonial. We cannot give you our services and our devotion. These you already have. We cannot give you our hearts. These long have been yours.

It was suggested that you might desire, at some no distant day, to visit the land where our Saviour lived and died, and that we might help you to go and there reillumine your faith and zeal on that sacred ground. And some of our thoughts took us to that wonderful scene in Cæsarea, when the great Apostle stood in the presence of the King and his splendid court, in that grand reception-hall, and expressed the wish, that the King and all present

might be, altogether such as he was, "save these *bonds;*" and we heard, that you had a bond which shackled you as uncomfortably as did his, and we thought that we might help to unloose from your hand this bond. And as our House of Worship was clear of all mortgages and the like heavy burdens, it was suggested, that a miserable blanket mortgage upon your house and hearth was giving no warmth to you and yours, and we might take off this unornamental and useless addition to your dwelling-place.

These suggestions needed only to be made to be acted upon; and, without personal solicitation in any instance, the money came flowing in from young and old, rich and poor, high and low, male and female, the children and those in later life, until we were almost compelled to cry, "Hold, enough." Permit me to hand you this miserable legal document, called a mortgage, but made eminently a beautiful piece of paper now, for it is indorsed with the name of a Presbyterian elder, who signs himself Louis Wagner, Recorder of Deeds for the City of Philadelphia, and he says: "Satisfied of Record," April 4th, 1881.

And this other hard, cruel, exacting bond. It, too, is made radiant now with a writing, which reads as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, April 4th, A.D. 1881.

"Received from the Elders, Deacons, Trustees, and People of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, in the City of Philadelphia, the sum of $5000, being the balance of the within debt of $6000, in liquidation and cancellation of the within bond or obligation of the Rev. Dr. William P. Breed, the Pastor of said church, and of all interest thereon to date, being $65.83."

And this is signed by W. L. Dubois, Treasurer of "the Philadelphia Trust, Safe Deposit and Insurance Company," duly attested by its seal.

I also hand you two bonds for $2000 of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, costing $2120. These are to you much better than your bond, and will, I am sure, be of more use and gratification to you.

I also hand you the check of Mr. Charles O. Abbey, the Treasurer of this fund for $795.82, and, like himself, it is as good as gold.

These aggregate the sum of $8000.

It is my high honor and my great pleasure, on behalf of the Elders, Deacons, Trustees, and People of the West Spruce Street

Presbyterian Church of the City of Philadelphia, here and now assembled, to present these to you, our Dear Pastor, as a slight and inadequate expression of the love we all bear to you. Some friends have joined us in this testimonial, for we could not refuse them this privilege which, unsought, they begged from us.

And now, may our future relations, Dear Pastor, be but the full development of the same Christian and brotherly love, which, without a shadow across its brightness, has made these past twenty-five years radiant with joy and overflowing with happiness!

Response by the Pastor, Rev. William P. Breed, D.D.

(The pastor's response, the initial sentences of which were uttered in tones tremulous with emotion, was as follows):

Words are well enough in their way, but sometimes their way is not that of very ready utterance. Words are said to be vehicles of thought, but if I should attempt to load any of those vehicles with the thoughts and emotions that have stirred my heart during the last two or three days and nights, both the vehicle and myself would break down.

Until I saw it in the newspapers the other day I had not the slightest impression that any testimonial was to be presented to me, and until this moment I had not heard the most remote intimation as to the form which that testimonial would assume. I simply saw that there was to be one, and that I was to respond to the presentation speech, and thus I had not only to prepare the sermon after I reached this place, but had to anticipate the text. I feel and have felt for two or three days a twofold throb of gratitude, beating, swelling, surging in my heart—a pulsation of gratitude first, of course, to the great God of all, "from whom all blessings flow," and next to this people.

Certainly it has been not through accident, but through the kindly providence of God for wise purposes that material of such quality as that which came to us crystallized around this church. It is often said that God sifted the old nations to find a seed wherewith to plant our own. I would not dare to say that God sifted the other churches to find the seed wherewith to plant our own church, for after the sifting only the bran is left,

and the parallel would not hold good, for I am sure there is something besides bran in the Old Tenth Church from which we sprang, and in the Old Central Church that has given us some of our most precious treasures, and from which Mr. Junkin came, and he is a specimen of them. No, it was not so much a process of sifting as of selecting the materials that came to us in this period of twenty-five years, which have so entirely coalesced and, like kindred drops, so thoroughly mingled in one harmonious whole; and I have never been able to account for it except as a special manifestation of the wonderful goodness of God. It is true that we have at times been called upon to exercise a little wisdom in the matter. At the outset, when our church was but a mere handful, I had a peculiar experience in that regard. A lady came to my study, of whom it is saying very little to say that she was eloquent. If there are tongues hung in the middle and that play at both ends, she had such a tongue. I do not know that she had ever read Junius's letters, but she was strangely fluent in denunciation, and in the use of epithets of vituperation. She came from Mr. Barnes's church, and she abused Mr. Barnes, his elders and his people, and indeed she had not gone very far before I said to myself: "Well, my good lady, we can get along without you." I took her certificate, reported it to the Session, and they unanimously refused to receive it. She was very anxious to know the reason of this, and I told her if she would write to the Session it would, if it chose so to do, make the explanation. She went away and became a member of another denomination, and —we escaped that mercy! (Appreciative merriment.) But with that one exception all who have come to us thus far have come with warm hearts. And I repeat, I have never been able fully to understand that unity and kindly feeling which has ever distinguished the intercourse of the members of our church and its officers, and especially do I fail to fully understand that revelation of it that has been made to me here within the past few days. It is indeed a revelation. I knew very well there was kindness here and kindness there, but I never dreamed of all this wealth of kindly feeling that has now been developed. We are in our natures bad enough, it is true, but after all there is a great deal in human nature that is to be commended, and one of the evidences of the fact is before our eyes in the record of this night and of the

past few days when, upon so slight a pretext as the arrival of this twenty-fifth anniversary, the people have rushed to do these magnificent things.

As Mr. Junkin has said, it has not been this little coterie or that one that has done this; the work has been that of all the church, from my young friend who occupies the chair here (alluding to Gustavus S. Benson, Esq.) clear up to the oldest member of the infant class! I could not understand yesterday why the eyes of the children, always bright, were glimmering and glistening when mine met theirs as we sat here. I knew that I was to pronounce my benediction upon them, but I did not know until the close of services that they had been waiting to pour their benediction upon me. Every little heart was beating high with interest in the offering of that beautiful tribute. And so it has ever been. I feel very grateful to God, and I feel very grateful to this people and to this community. It has been well demonstrated in the course of these proceedings that this people are a people of large hearts; that they are a people who shut their eyes to imperfections; that they are a people who put the best interpretation upon things that might be misinterpreted; that they are everything that any pastor on this planet could desire. I have always felt it to be so, and I am more than ever impressed with the fact to-night. I do not pretend to say it is by any means a surprise to me to find the members of a church entertaining kindly feelings toward the pastor, because I have occupied the place of a member of a congregation myself and have known what it was to have a pastor. In the home of my widowed mother, in New York, I knew very well, and all there knew very well, that if there was ever need of sympathy, if there was ever need of counsel, if there was ever need of service, there was one man on Manhattan Island who could always be appealed to with the certainty of a prompt and favorable response,—our dearly beloved pastor, Dr. John M. Krebs. It is not surprising that such a feeling should exist between pastor and people, because, as they advance in years, the pastor necessarily becomes associated with the people in a great variety of relations. I have seen a young man in my congregation on the very edge of the abyss of drunkenness, of profanity, and of everything bad, and I have seen him revolutionized, turning his back upon sin, becoming wealthy, becoming influential, taking a

lofty position in society; and that young man knows this day, and he is always ready to acknowledge it, that it was the influence of his pastor, through the blessing of God, that gave him everything he has had in life. These things occur in every congregation. It is not wonderful, therefore, that at the end of a pastorate of twenty-five years there should be found those who look toward a pastor, who has been the instrument of serving them thus, as toward a dear friend. Especially is this true in conversions, where souls have been brought from darkness to light through the ministrations of the pastor. I am reminded here of a minister of our church in other days, a strong man in it, perhaps in many respects the strongest, who was not overtender of the infirmities of his brethren. If he had an object to secure, he did not stop to see whom he trod upon on his way to the goal. But there was one man who, whether opposed to him in debate or in any way opposed to him, was always treated by him tenderly and kindly. This was one day the subject of comment and he was asked: "Why do you make this exception? Why is it we never hear from your lips a word that might disturb the feelings of that man?" "Ah," he answered, "when I was a poor lost sinner on the way to hell that was the man who took me by the hand and brought me to Jesus. God paralyze my tongue if I ever speak unkindly of him whatever he does." I can understand that feeling. I remember how I used to look upon my pastor, Dr. Krebs, and particularly the counsel he gave me on that day when I stood up in the old Rutger Street Church and took the vows of fidelity to God upon my soul. I do not wonder that associations such as those, connected as they are with spiritual blessing and with secular blessing, with scenes of sickness and of death, should arise in the minds of a congregation. The one hundred and four resting-places that lift their little mounds in yonder cemeteries contain the remains of those whom I have followed thither after ministering to them in their sufferings, the little child and the aged parent, and I know well that it is possible I should be associated in the memories of many of the members of the families there represented with the most tender and touching scenes of their family history. It could not be otherwise. I can understand all this, but I cannot understand the

breadth, the depth, the length, and the richness of all the kindness I have experienced in Philadelphia.

Mr. Junkin has strangely said that the harmony of this people and their love of one another has been the work of the pastor. I reply to that, "Like people, like pastor," and that the influence has come from the other direction. I must not detain you longer, and therefore will only add what is thoroughly well known to you, viz., that a band of Ruling Elders superior to those with whom God has blessed this church (call over their names and see who they are), or of Deacons and Trustees more intelligent, more judicious, more kind and loving than those of this church, never were and never will be until the millennium.

I will not attempt to express my gratitude for this gift. I could not do it. It is to me an utter surprise, and all that I say or can say is, that I accept it and thank you with all my heart. May the Lord bless you, each and all of you. May the Lord make his face shine upon you and be gracious unto you. May the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The "Gloria" (Mozart) having been sung by the choir,

The chairman (Mr. Benson) said: We have with us, on the platform, the pastor of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, the fountain and source from which sprang this prosperous church. We would be glad to hear from the Rev. Dr. John De Witt.

Dr. De Witt responded.

Address by the Pastor of the Parent Church, Rev. John De Witt, D.D., Tenth Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Chairman: I have had occasion, during the last two or three days, to explore the writings and to study the eloquence of John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed. But this evening I have had the satisfaction of listening to and enjoying the eloquence of an orator not only golden-mouthed but golden-handed. How were it possible for me to make a speech after such a peroration! Of course, the services of this evening have reached

the zenith, and must now pass forward and downward toward the nadir.

I have profound regret that my poor voice must take the place of a voice now silent in death, that Dr. Breed aptly described, some time ago, as "the sound of silver chimes." But such as it is, I have very great pleasure in raising it, first of all to thank you for the opportunity you have given to the Tenth Church to be heard upon this most joyous occasion. We congratulate you upon the life that you have lived. The Tenth Church, I may be permitted to say, with due modesty, as its pastor, has done many noble things, but it is our opinion that never was anything done more worthy of praise by the Tenth Church than when, at the suggestion of its distinguished pastor (Dr. Boardman), it sent these thirty-four godly men and women out to establish this Church. We rejoice in your success, in your devotion to the truth of God, in your large benevolence; and we pray God that as you have begun so He will make you to abound more and more.

Here, perhaps I ought to close; but I cannot take my seat without congratulating you upon your noble, revered, honored, and beloved pastor, though that is superfluous after what has taken place to-night. Rather let me congratulate you that you have the intelligence, the goodness, and the generosity to appreciate him, and in so noble a way to manifest your appreciation. I pray that the spirit of this good hour may be perpetual. I trust that nothing, certainly not old age,—though I pray that God will grant him twenty-five years longer,—that nothing, certainly not old age, will be suffered to sever the relation that now exists between him and his people. I trust that he shall stand here when silver hairs shall crown his head; and that he shall continue to be what he is to this people, until the call shall come that shall summon him from his abundant labors to his heavenly reward.

The Chairman: The Presbyterian Board of Publication, as you know, is the publication house of the whole Presbyterian Church of the United States, and our pastor, Rev. Dr. Breed, is the President of that Board. An invitation to attend this, our festival, was conveyed by me to the Board of Publication; it was promptly

accepted and, with a burst of enthusiasm, the Board unanimously appointed Dr. J. Addison Henry, of the Princeton Church, West Philadelphia, to be their spokesman in conveying their congratulations on this occasion. Dr. Henry will now address you.

Address from the Presbyterian Board of Publication, by Rev. J. Addison Henry, D.D.

I do not know, my friends, why the Board of Publication should have appointed me with such a "burst of enthusiasm" to represent them upon this occasion. Perhaps, however, I may think of the reason. That is a ponderous institution—we publish no light literature—and therefore it is perfectly in keeping that the heaviest member of the board should have been appointed to represent the board here this evening. (Merriment.) I was perfectly willing, Mr. Chairman, to be present, although I should have been glad if some other brother had taken this place. It was whispered to me, as I was leaving the board that afternoon, after my appointment, that, before that, the session of this church or the committee of arrangements had thought of me to represent the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia. I think I must mention the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia here, and therefore I refer to that fact. We are across the line—north of Market Street. It is not true of us, as it was of the Jews and Samaritans of old, that we have "no dealings," and yet we are not altogether one. We have amicably separated, and we feel as though we are sisters.

"We seem not one,
And yet not two;
But look alike,
As sisters do."

(Renewed merriment.)

I do not know how sisters act when they are together in the family, but I take it for granted they are always peaceable and harmonious. I have had but one sister, and therefore have not had the opportunity to observe. But we are very harmonious! There is one thing, however, I wish to say about these presbyteries. If an overture comes down from the General Assembly to be ratified by the presbyteries, and if it passes unanimously in the Presbytery of

Philadelphia, you may be sure it is going to be lost in the Central Presbytery—that you may be sure of! (General relaxation.) Now to-morrow we are going to act in the Central Presbytery upon the *Overtures* on the reorganization of Synods; I do not know what action will be taken, but I am willing to surmise that that overture will be lost in that presbytery. I do not suppose it is because of any spirit of contrariness, but perhaps because of this feeling, that it is necessary to keep up the balance of power somehow, and that, as the world is taking notice of us, if they notice the Presbytery of Philadelphia they *must* notice the Central Presbytery.

To-night I do not know whether I am in a solemn mood or not, I rather think I am not in a solemn mood, and therefore you will excuse me for these remarks. I heard of a lady who had a gentleman friend, but one who, though a little tardy, finally made his proposal; and upon being asked how she felt about it, she replied that "she felt as if every nail in the house was a jewsharp," she was so happy. I can understand that in some degree. Now, why should not we all be happy? I suppose you, sir (addressing Dr. Breed), recollect the time when this bride came to you on the Ohio and proposed to you and you accepted the proposal, and I think that after these twenty-five years of labor you ought to be happy. You are not situated as I was yesterday when, upon commencing my sermon, I observed a bat circling around the church. I noticed him for awhile, but my sermon being written, I had to keep my eyes upon that, and only caught sight of the bat occasionally but, unfortunately, in his career, he constantly made his circles around my head. Now, sir, you have not a bat after you to-night but a whole battery, and they are firing bouquets at you. Every gun of the battery fires a bouquet. I am sure you are happy to-night after all these years of labor. And for the most of the time I have been at your side laboring in the city of Philadelphia. You were here a little before me, but we represent forty-six years of labor, and I think we have stood it pretty well. We have heard of those men who go from church to church because they think their health is improved by it, but here we are; you are a little thinner than I am, but I have always noticed that thin men are better for a long race, and I am a little afraid of you after all. (Increased merriment.) Old General Finley said on one occasion, "Give me an old minister and a young doctor, and I am well fixed." I suppose

he meant by that not exactly that he wanted an old man for a minister, but that he wanted one who understood the spiritual wants of his family and who was intensely interested in him; while he preferred a young doctor because such a one would be very careful. It was proper for him to make use of an expression such as that.

But there is one thing to be borne in mind, my friends. While you talk of your minister and make him out such a perfect exemplar, you must know it is possible for him to teach doctrine that is not consonant with the teachings of our Confession. Before I came here, just four hours ago, a lady in West Philadelphia told me that on one occasion she had a little grandson in an infant class, and that Dr. Breed, being called on to deliver an address to that infant class, said among other things: "If you have an old habit that is of no use, discard it. If I had a watch that would not go, I would take it to a jeweller, and if then it would not go I would almost break it up." She added that that little boy had a short time before borrowed a watch from his father, that it would not go, and that a little time afterwards his mother heard a noise upstairs and found it was the child smashing up the watch. "What do you think of that?" she asked.

My friends, this is a grand occasion, and I am gratified to hear that the people of this church are always ready to meet their engagements. They are not like the Baptist church in Baltimore that I heard of, that was in very deep water, very much embarrassed with debt. The minister was asked why the church was shut up, and he said "it was because they could not keep their heads above water." But that is not the case with you. I want now to show to you, as briefly as I can, what has been accomplished by this church in the last nine years. In looking over the minutes of the General Assembly in my possession for the years from 1871 to 1881, I found that I had mislaid the year 1874, and therefore I cannot report as to that year, but in the remaining nine years of the decade I find that 191 persons joined this church on profession and 146 on certificate, making a total of 337. That is equal to 37 plus per year. It may be true this church has not as large a communion roll as some of the other churches, but do not tell me how large a church is, but tell me how they have given of their means. This church, in that time, has given to home missions $26,096—an average of $2899.50 per year—so that they have been keeping, for the last

three years, three missionaries all the time upon our frontier. They have given to foreign missions $15,031—an average of $1670 per year, sufficient to sustain two foreign missionaries. They have given to education $11,489, or $1276 plus per year, enough to assist eight young men all the time for these years, in their studies for the ministry. They have given to publication $8458, or $939 plus yearly. The next highest church on the list—I will not mention the name of the church—gave to publication in those nine years $2349. This church, as appears here, gave to publication $8458! They have been able all the time to keep two colporteurs in the field; so that while they have been working here, while they have been building up this church, freeing it of debt, sustaining their minister and giving their money to Presbyterian councils, they have all the time been supporting fifteen workers out in the field. Now, my friends, if you can point me to any other church in the city of Philadelphia that has a history of twenty-five years, and has had but a single pastor, and that has done anything like as well as that, then, as my friend, Dr. Nevin, would say: "I will submit the question."

(Turning to Dr. Breed): My dear brother: I congratulate you to-night. These anniversaries are pleasant. I passed through one of them last summer, when my dear people gave me the funds wherewith to go to Europe. I wish these anniversaries could be repeated every year! (Good humor.)

The Hallelujah Chorus (Handel) was grandly rendered by the choir.

The Chairman then said: The gentleman who will now address you was a college-mate of our pastor. After sitting side by side for four years, they have since met yearly at a class-meeting. I present to you William Allen Butler, Esq., of New York, the author of many poems, at least one of which, "Nothing to Wear," many of you have read, and who therefore, to many of you, will doubtless seem like an old friend.

Mr. Butler responded as follows:

Address by William Allen Butler, LL.D., of New York City.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: It is seldom that an entire stranger is made at home in a family gathering, and it is perhaps still more seldom that a New York lawyer has the oppor-

tunity of vouching for a Philadelphia clergyman. The Philadelphia lawyer we know all about,—we have heard of him for a period during which the memory of man runs not to the contrary,—but I have learned a great deal to-night about the Philadelphia clergyman that I never knew before. You have heard the large salaries which are said to be paid to clergymen in New York (and they are none too large) accounted for on the theory that it is harder work to convert people in New York than anywhere else. I should judge that it was the easiest work in Philadelphia from what I have heard to-night. But what has puzzled me as I sat here has been to know why my excellent friend, Dr. Breed, who celebrates with you so happily to-night the twenty-fifth anniversary of your union, should not have been content to let well enough alone, to prove up his record of twenty-five years, without wanting to go back into a period which is covered by all the statutes of limitations and call a witness to testify to what he was forty years ago. I have always had the greatest faith in his absolute Presbyterianism. That he should engage in a work of supererogation is something I did not expect, and I have asked myself why it is that I should be brought from a distant city, after so many attestations here in respect to his character, his services, the work he has done, and the estimation in which he has been held, to give my testimony as to what happened, as I say, in that remote past.

But I am called upon and presented by your excellent chairman as a sort of prehistoric character. (Merriment.) I am brought here from a remote antiquity, and I am called upon to give what account I can in reference to the early history of my friend and your pastor. If I could get the young people together somewhere, I have no doubt I could entertain them for some time with a sketch of his early life and surroundings; but that is impracticable. I accept the situation just as it is,—the only thing, I believe, that can be done with a situation when it is offered,—and I will say, in regard to him, that I sat by his side, owing to the coincidence in the initial letters of our names, upon the hard benches of the New York University, his alma mater and mine—an institution which, though not as conspicuous, perhaps, as some other educational institutions in the country, yet gave to him an education which seems to have sufficed pretty well in Philadelphia, and gave to me and to some others an education which has enabled us to get

along in the city of New York; an institution in whose building, I may say in passing, the first experiments ever made in this country in the science and art of the electric telegraph took place; in whose building the first human countenance that the sun ever printed here upon any surface was taken; an institution which has numbered among its professors, and those who have presided over it, some of the most distinguished scholars of the country; and which has sent forth not a few faithful laborers in different walks of professional life. During that four years of course I had an opportunity of setting your pastor a good example. (General good-humor, which was renewed with many of the sentences which follow.) How he profited I leave for you to say. I will say that if he was engaged in any violations of duty or breaches of decorum, he had the rare faculty of not being found out. And I will say further that he began, at a very early period of his career, the practice of that art at which he seems to have become a perfect adept here, of winning golden opinions from all sorts of men. He has often translated some hard passages for me. He says there is something here to-night that he cannot understand—that he cannot understand the love and affection of his people for him. I think I can translate that. "The child is father of the man." The pure virgin gold, beaten and hammered and melted in the crucible, comes out always the same perfect metal that it was at the beginning; and I am only too happy to assure him,—knowing as I do the absolute sincerity with which I speak, and testing by that the sincerity of those who, though strangers to me, are speaking a common language with me to-night,—I am happy to assure him, and I say it from the depths of my heart, that I find in all the words of praise and of satisfaction that have been uttered here to-night only the echoes of those memories which belong to our early friendship of twoscore years ago.

I am most happy to be able to be with you to-night and with my old friend, your pastor, and with his friends of a quarter of a century, and I have been deeply impressed with what I have heard. It has seemed to me that to any one coming in, as I have done, from outside your happy circle, taking a place here upon the platform, looking into his face and into yours, and listening to all these evidences of your happiness, of your satisfaction, of your mutual

congratulations, there could hardly be a stronger or a more satisfactory proof of the reality, and the power of that religion which binds us together in these ties of church relationship. What is the secret of this harmony, of this happiness, of this organized force for Christian work? It is not alone adherence to the same doctrines however firmly held. It is not alone adhesion to the same form of church government, or to the same creed, or to the same methods of worship. No, I think we find the secret of it in that personal trust and devotion to the one divine-human friend and Saviour, whose sacrificial death and whose living love binds his followers together in these sacred relations, of which the highest consummation shall be the fulfilment of his own promise, that there shall be "one fold and one shepherd." And, in its measure, this Christian church, through these last twenty-five years, has realized upon earth "one fold, one shepherd." What a wealth of association and what a divine energy are wrapt up in that thought! There are joys here with which a stranger cannot intermeddle, and there is also a power which, it seems to me, we should take note of, not only as it expresses itself in your labors of love and in your mutual congratulations to-night, but as it affects the world without and society at large. It is the Christian church, as we see it represented here, an organized living force, united by faith to its omnipotent head, which is the real conservator of society and of everything which makes life valuable; and I think the world knows and recognizes this fact perhaps far more than we are willing to suppose. No matter how they may be led astray from time to time by those influences that are adverse and disintegrating, I think that men in general feel that it is well the Christian church, as an organized body, should mark the boundaries of sacred times and seasons. I think they believe that it is well that it should stretch out its arms of mercy to the poor and the neglected, and that it should call the little children to its heart. I think they believe it is well that the marriage tie should have the sanctions of religion, and well that the minister of the gospel should stand with authority by the bed of the dying, and at the bier of the dead, and utter there the only words that can bring consolation and hope. I believe that to-day our English-speaking race, which is on tiptoe to catch the changes and variations that have been made in the New Testament in the recent

emendations of the scholars of Christendom, who are waiting and watching, I say, to see what changes have been made in that sacred volume, regard the church as an element of preservation, of safety, and of succor to a far greater degree than in the precincts of ecclesiastical bodies, or in our church organizations, we are willing to admit to be the fact. I think the proof of that you will find to be manifest if you will look into it. I have been impressed to-night with the influence which such a gathering as this, for such a purpose as this, upon such a record as will be made up here to-night, ought to have upon the community around you.

Mr. Chairman, I thank you for the privilege you have given me of speaking in this presence to-night. I know that while language is very inadequate at times to express the feelings which a speaker desires to utter you will accept the testimony I have given as a simple expression of a friendship which began at a past day, and which no divergence of professional pursuits and no lapse of time have been able to disturb.

My friends, as the chairman has said, I have met your pastor from year to year except when unavoidable circumstances prevented; and while college friendships are often strong and permanent, I doubt whether any stronger or more permanent have survived than those which have existed between the members of the class to which he and I belonged. For thirty-seven years we have been in the habit of meeting together yearly and exchanging our congratulations, and in that way,—although only once during the whole time have I heard your pastor preach here, we have kept our early friendship unbroken and unmarred. And I am sure his devotion to his church, his devotion to the sacred calling to which he has committed himself, and in which he has attained such high distinction, will be unremitting. According to the story told by the last speaker (Dr. Henry), your pastor's faith in a watch depends on its works; you need not fear to apply the practical test he has thus given to himself in every sphere of duty and service. I believe that nowhere will be found one who fulfils in a higher degree that spirit of devotion which should characterize not only its ministry but its members, to a church like the Presbyterian Church. The name of George Herbert is dear to all of us as that of the church poet of England, but it was reserved for a New England

divine, of greater repute, perhaps, as a theologian than as a poet, in simpler strains than those of Herbert, but in lines familiar and dear to all of us, to express that spirit of loyalty and devotion:

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thy abode,
The church our Blessed Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

"For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till care and toil shall end."

This is the spirit that seems to breathe through this assembly to-night. I see it in the glad faces of your children. I know that its lights of memory and hope play upon the experiences of those who best know the history of this church, of those who are best acquainted with all it has gone through in these twenty-five years, and of those who look forward with the most tender interest to its future; and I can only join in the hopes, that have been expressed here to-night, that its future may be bright and joyous as the past has been, and, above all, that it may always retain that divine likeness which has the promise of this world and of that which is to come.

The Chairman: We expect now to have a greeting from the grand old church of John Wesley, the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the person of Rev. O. H. Tiffany, representing a denomination which has the reputation of building a church every day.

Dr. Tiffany responded:

Address by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D., of Arch Street M. E. Church.

It is my great pleasure, Mr. Chairman, to participate in these services, and I desire to express my thanks to the committee for the privilege of presenting in person my hearty congratulations to both church and pastor. The occasion is one to which, as a Methodist, I am unaccustomed; for by reason of the peculiar polity of our church it is not given to any one of us ever to celebrate a

silver anniversary of plighted pastoral vows. But it is given to us to have hearts large enough to rejoice with those who do rejoice under such realizations. It is to me a great satisfaction to be able in this presence to know, and to express the knowledge, that the recognition, in kindness and in fraternal expression, of Christian brotherhood is reciprocated wherever it is made manifest in the church of the present day. While it is specially delightful to you all to review the successes which have marked the past five and twenty years in your experience, it will also be exceedingly wise if we shall take advantage of the occasion to recognize the advancing catholicity of the whole Christian world,—which on the occasion of a local celebration like this sends greeting to its friends,—that the world as it looks on may say, "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

But if I am not much mistaken, Mr. Chairman, I am not the first Methodist who has had to do with the history of this West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, for as I heard you allude so familiarly to Adam Clarke, our first great commentator, and invite these people to your love-feast and speak of the class-meetings which your pastor had enjoyed in all these years, I said to myself, "Methodism has had something to do with this Presbyterian church and with this chairman, for his speech bewrayeth him."

I am glad to be here to-night and to assert that however differently our creeds may be phrased, and however differently the forms in which we worship God may seem to those who only look upon and observe them, I am a brother in Christ with the dear good man whose life and influence have wrought such good among you all. As a brother in Christ I can say to him, out of my heart to-night, "God-speed," and I can say to you, his flock, "The Lord God of your fathers make you a thousand times so many more as ye are, and bless you as He has promised." I can do this because, underneath all these differentials of creed and of form, there is in every Christian heart an integral binding principle of life. The world does not see this; the world fails to discover it, and so the world accounts mere separation as antagonism, for it does not distinguish between the eternal and universal church and that temporary denomination or sect to which you and I and all of us belong. But we who have been touched by the spirit of Christ

and who have been permitted to look upon events with Christian thoughtfulness, we understand well the infinite dignity of the Rock of Ages, and the absolute littleness of the temporary homes we build against its giant breast, and we know full well there is place and room enough for us all. These separate churches, after all, what are they but divisions of God's militant hosts? We are all enlisted under one banner. We all obey the voice and the command of the one Captain. We all exult in each other's success. We shall all shout in the final triumph and shall all join in singing unto Him who has loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood. "Unto Him be glory and honor and domination and power forever;" for we all expect to join the General Assembly of the first-born in Heaven.

The Chairman: We expected to see the Baptist Church represented to-night by Dr. Henson, but an unavoidable engagement has prevented him from coming. His letter of regret will now be read to you by R. Dale Benson.

Colonel R. Dale Benson complied with the call upon him as follows:

Mr. Chairman, the letter received from Dr. Henson is addressed to the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Speakers, and reads as follows:

Letter from Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., of the Memorial Baptist Church.

Philadelphia, April 4th, 1881.

My dear Brother: I grieve exceedingly that imperative business requires me to leave the city to-day, so that I shall be deprived of the greatly coveted privilege of participating in the high festivities of your "Quarter-century Anniversary."

In these restless, changeful days a quarter-century pastorate is alike phenomenal and beautiful. It is a fact more eloquent than any eulogy that could be framed in words. It is a demonstration that he who laid the foundations of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church was a wise master-builder, and wrought into the structure not straw, and wood, and hay, and stubble, but gold, and silver, and precious stones. It is a beautiful illustration of the "survival of the fittest."

During the last quarter of a century the country has been swept by the wildest sensationalism, and in deference to the demands of "advanced thought," not a few of our supposed-to-be foremost men have thought it necessary to forsake the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus, and to preach another gospel, which is yet not another. The pastor of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, unmoved by the clamor for novelties, and relying upon the plain Word of God and the

mighty power of the Spirit of God, has swerved not a hair's breadth from the "old paths," and now, as a consequence, after a quarter century of pastoral experience, stands in the midst of a rejoicing people in the fulness of unwasted strength, and of undecayed popularity.

Let the rising ministry lay to heart the lesson which this anniversary teaches. Having been myself a pastor in Philadelphia for more than twenty years, and during this score of years having been more or less intimately associated with the happy groom of this silver wedding, I am not surprised at the strength of his hold upon the confidence and affections of his people.

May the Lord long spare him and give to the churches many more like him.

Fraternally, yours,

P. S. Henson,
Pastor Memorial Baptist Church.

The Chairman: I would state to the meeting that the Presbytery of Philadelphia, at its session held to-day, upon receiving an invitation from the committee of this church to be present on this occasion, appointed a delegation to extend to us their congratulations. That delegation is now present, and will be represented by Rev. R. M. Patterson. The time, therefore, which would have been allotted to Dr. Henson, if he had been present, will now be given to Dr. Patterson.

Dr. Patterson responded as follows:

Greeting from the Presbytery of Philadelphia—Address by Rev. R. M. Patterson, D.D.

Mr. Chairman: My words shall be specially few because it is late and I am not on the printed programme. I am the bearer of a missive from your Presbytery to the church.

The Presbytery, at its Quarterly Meeting this afternoon, received an invitation from the committee in charge of these exercises to be present to-night; and, upon the announcement of its receipt, adopted a minute, which I will read. The minute is as follows:

"The Presbytery has, with peculiar gratification, received and entered upon its records the invitation of the West Spruce Street Church to attend the interesting services which are to be held this evening in commemoration of the organization of that church twenty-five years ago. Under a standing rule a popular meeting with the congregation of the Hope Chapel was arranged for before it was known that these services were to be held. As, therefore, it will not be possible for the Presbytery to accept the invitation in

a body, a committee of three members is hereby appointed to convey to the West Spruce Street congregation an expression of the deep pleasure with which the Presbytery witnesses the prosperous completion of the first quarter of a century's existence of that church under the unbroken ministrations of their first pastor,—a brother greatly beloved; and an assurance of its earnest prayer that the tie between pastor and people may be severed only by a far-distant death, and that their union may continue to be one of abundant and ever-growing usefulness and joy."

In pursuance of that minute, I was associated with the Rev. Robert Adair and Samuel C. Perkins, Esq., as the committee to represent the Presbytery here to-night.

I will only say to you, Dr. Breed, in the name of your Presbytery, that that body has, with the most intense satisfaction, followed this church. This is one of its children. The parent is proud of the child. And I will say to you, members of this church, in the name of your Presbytery, that no man on our roll is more deeply beloved than is your pastor, nor is there one more highly esteemed or more trusted by his brethren in the ministry. We love him; we admire him; we have found him one of the most faithful of Presbyters in every way. He has been one of our hard-working ministers; and very frequently he has represented the Presbytery in the General Assembly—always with credit to himself and to the honor of the Presbytery.

I am specially happy to be able to say to you that at its meeting this afternoon Presbytery again appointed him the first of its three representatives to the General Assembly, which meets next month in Buffalo. We thought this a very pleasant tribute to pay to him just at this time. One who for twenty-five years has been the pastor of one of its most prosperous churches will be a worthy representative of the body in the General Assembly.

I will only add that our hope is that the future will be like the past—that the years to come will be like the years that have gone. I saw it stated recently that an old minister gave, as the reason for never having left his church, that when he felt out of humor with the people, the people would not let him go; and that when the people felt out of humor with him he would not go. I know, Dr. Breed, that you have never felt out of humor with this people; I know that you, my friends, will tell us you

have never felt out of humor with your pastor; we feel asssured that such will continue to be true of both of you. The Presbytery hopes that it will never be called upon to dissolve the pastoral relation which it constituted twenty-five years ago, and as you, my good brother, invoked upon the people, so, in the name of that Presbytery, would I, upon both pastor and people invoke, the old benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace."

Several voices: "Amen!"

CLOSING EXERCISES.

The Chairman: I am sure you will all join me in an expression of thanks to these brethren who have given us their greetings to-night in such affectionate and eloquent terms.

These exercises are drawing to a close, and we will now join the choir in singing two verses of the well-known hymn, as follows:

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Upon the conclusion of the hymn, the Doxology, sung by choir and audience, ended the formal services:

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Reception by the Pastor.

The regular order of exercises was followed by a reception by the pastor, during which all the audience improved the opportunity afforded them to clasp the hand of the honored guest of the evening, and personally to assure him of their appreciation of and affection for him.

To the Session and Members of the West Spruce Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia:

Dear Brethren: We have received your kind and welcome letter, announcing to us the fact that you purpose celebrating the *twenty-fifth* anniversary of your church's organization by special services, to which you invite our congregation. We thank you cordially for the invitation, and we wish that we might close our house of worship on the morning of the 3d of April and listen with you to the historical discourse, then to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Breed. But, though circumstances prevent this, our pastor will have great pleasure in announcing on next Sunday the fact that such a discourse will be delivered, and doubtless many of our congregation will avail themselves of the opportunity of listening to the narrative of the career of a sister church, in which the Tenth Church must always be profoundly interested. We shall have great pleasure in being present at the other services.

Meanwhile, in our own behalf, and in behalf of our congregation, we give thanks to God for the special favor which he has shown to you as a church, and for the large opportunities for usefulness which the present and the future open to you. And we pray that as you have begun so the Lord will make you abound, more and more.

Especially do we rejoice with you in the fact that you have still with you your first pastor, as laborious and as faithful as at the beginning of his ministry in Philadelphia, deservedly enjoying, in a larger measure than ever before, the affection and respect of the church of Christ, and the confidence of the city in which we dwell. We unite with you in the fervent prayer that he may be with you for many years, and that the great Head of the Church will continue to crown his labors with the Divine blessing.

Wishing you grace, mercy, and peace, we are, dear brethren,

Faithfully yours,

The Session of the Tenth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, by John De Witt, Moderator.

Philadelphia, 24th March, 1881.